HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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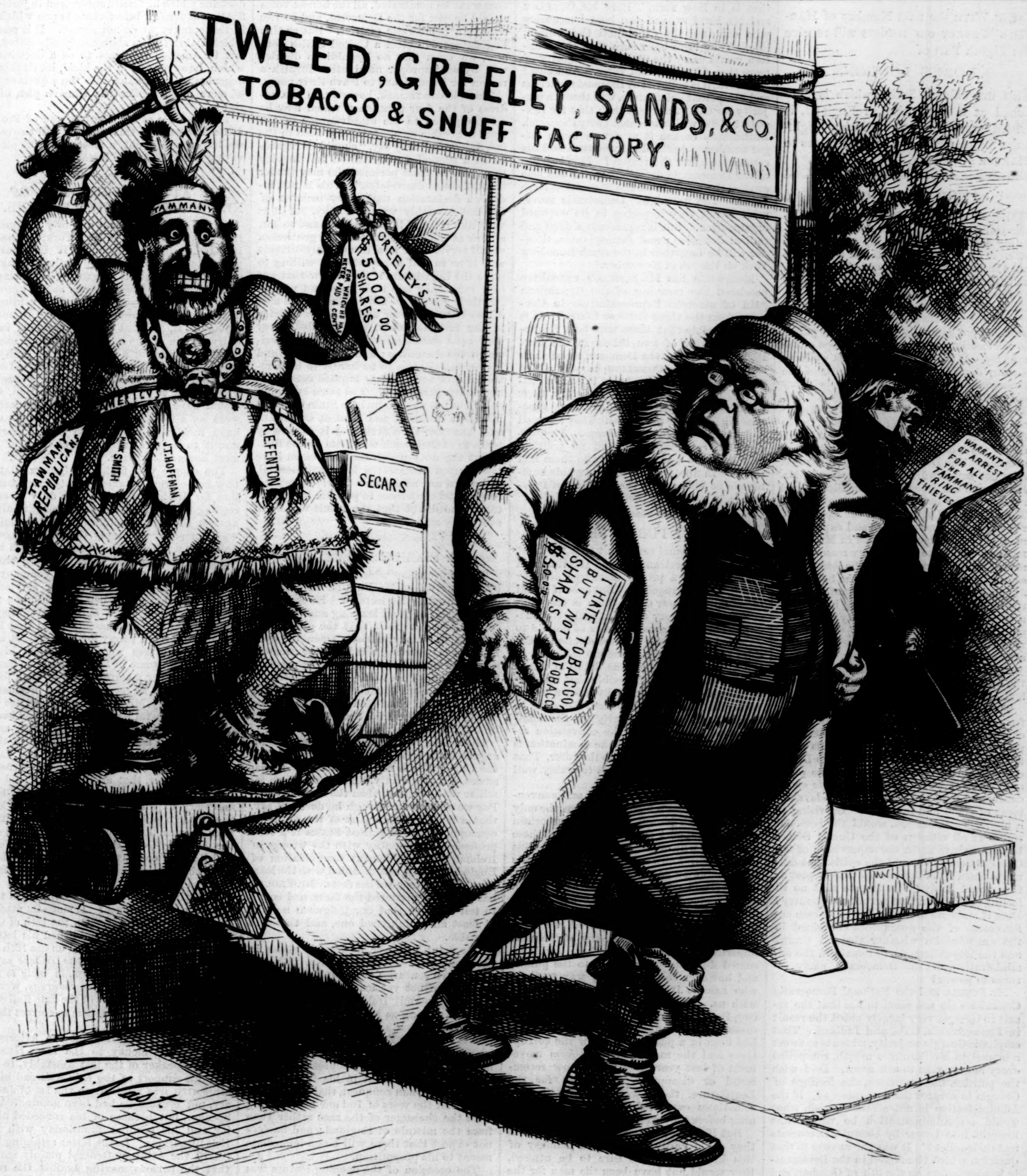


"SAVE ME FROM MY TOBACCO PARTNER!"

"OLD HONESTY." "Do, Somebody, arrest him, or I shall never get to the White House!"

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1872.

ROBINSON'S NEW NOVEL.

☞ WITH this Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY is issued a gratuitous EIGHT-PAGE SUPPLEMENT containing the second installment of

"LITTLE KATE KIRBY,"

the new and fascinating Novel by F. W. ROBINSON, commenced in the Supplement sent out with HARPER'S WEEKLY for October 19.

☞ WITH the next Number of HARPER'S WEEKLY our readers will receive the Eighth Part of

DORÉ'S LONDON.

This magnificent Serial, which is published at a high price in England, is issued gratuitously in Monthly Eight-page Supplements to the subscribers to HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE SITUATION.

THERE was probably never a Presidential contest which was felt to be so certainly decided before the day of election as this. The Democratic National Committee have issued a groan of pretended confidence, and Tammany Hall lifts hands of horror at the frauds in Pennsylvania. That Mr. Chairman SCHELL really believes the majority of thirty thousand to be fraudulent is probably not generally supposed. He points to the election in Georgia as the hope of the country. What that election was we have already described. What the spirit of the Democratic party in that State is every body may know who has carefully studied. The GREELEY campaign there is the desperate effort to defeat GRANT at any cost, in the belief that the defeat of GRANT will break down the policy which the country has adopted. The Democratic party in Georgia does not support Mr. GREELEY, despite Mr. HILL, upon the ground of reconciliation and reform, in the usual sense of those words. The tone of the newspapers, the excuses of the speakers, human nature and experience, all testify that they acquiesce in Mr. GREELEY as a candidate for the very reasons that make him so objectionable to the Republican sentiment every where. It is the bailing of JEFFERSON DAVIS, the Niagara performance, the letter to Mr. LINCOLN urging him to buy a peace, and the cry for amnesty before the situation was fully understood—in a word, it is Mr. GREELEY'S Southern aspect which attracts the Southern Democrats, whose majority in Georgia, Mr. SCHELL informs us, is the bright star of hope for American liberty and American institutions.

The folly of such a declaration proceeding from such a gentleman exposes it to the charge of insincerity. Does Mr. SCHELL probably wish to see the policy of this country controlled by those who gave the Democratic majority in Georgia? Does he probably think it would stimulate public confidence, and tend to the continuous development of trade and industry? Or, rising to a higher consideration, would the personal rights of all citizens of the United States be more secure under the supervision of the Georgia Democracy and the spirit that animates them? Is the past so utterly past as this would imply? Is it true that no ill feeling survives in that part of the country? Does it make no difference in the sincere enforcement of the guarantees contained in the amendments whether General GRANT and the Republican party remain in the administration, or the Democratic party returns to power?

Mr. SCHELL and the National Democratic Committee do not seem to see that the result in Georgia very largely aided the result in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana. That emphatic Georgia majority, which is so sweet a morsel in Mr. SCHELL'S mouth, compelled every honest man to ask anew, "Do I wish the politics, the traditions, the feelings of Georgia to control the government? If the Administration is not all that I wish, what would an Administration be which was brought into power by Georgia Democrats and their allies?" It was the answer to that question which thundered in the Democratic head-quarters on the 9th of October, and which, as we said, has apparently settled the result. The country has tried the supremacy of the old Southern idea, and has had enough of it; while the new Southern idea demands the re-election of General GRANT.

The battle-field is now New York, and Mr. SCHELL and his friends will be as much amazed at the result here as they were by that in Pennsylvania. Have they really supposed that by changing their own head-piece they would change the conviction and purpose of this country? Did they really suppose that those who have honored HORACE GREELEY as a Republican leader would vote for him as a Democratic candidate? If he was strong among Republicans any where, it was in remote and rural New England, and in the Western Reserve of Ohio. And Vermont increases her Republican majority, every district in Maine pronounces against him, while the Western Reserve crowns the work by more than thirty thousand majority. And HORACE GREELEY'S reply to the Republican column is, "You're bought with Federal money!"

The chief seat of the Republican defection is in New York. Here Mr. GREELEY and Mr. FENTON, and the bold buccaneers who captured the Cincinnati Convention, live. They have been sure that the coalition would carry the State by a majority of more than fifty thousand votes. And now? New York, it is believed by the most sagacious and competent calculators, will throw a majority for GRANT not less than that for LINCOLN in 1860, which was about fifty thousand. Enthusiasts reckon it at a very much larger number. Again, do Mr. SCHELL and his committee know the reason? It is because of the Democratic defection, which has also swelled the result in all the States that have voted. The "straight" Democratic movement is not very imposing in its outward organization. But it represents a deep and radical defection; and Pennsylvania thunder will be forgotten in the crash from New York on the 5th of November.

Meanwhile has Mr. SCHELL'S committee pondered the meaning of the Republican gain of nineteen Representatives in Congress from the three October States? It is not impossible that there may be a Republican majority of two-thirds in the next House. How can the Democrats and their assistants, as Mr. CONKLING happily called them, have any further heart in such a contest? They renounced their history, their traditions, their policies, and what are sometimes called their principles. They adopted a platform made by Republicans. They accepted a candidate who had no political principle that was not hostile to them and theirs. In fine, they bolted the whole humble pie at once, and, in the goodness of Providence, it will choke them.

A GREAT PUBLIC SERVICE.

IT is a perpetual complaint that the most intelligent Americans grudge the time and trouble which a proper discharge of their political duties requires. But even if we all punctually did our duty, there is one difficulty which is very constant and very serious. There is a great number of officers to be voted for at every general election. Besides the chief places, there are the seats in the Legislature and all the detail of minor offices to fill. It is impossible that the candidates should be personally known to the voters, and they are compelled, therefore, to depend upon the "regularity" of the nominations. Theoretically the convention selects a proper person, and the nomination is the certificate of character to the voter. That is the theory, but the fact is tolerably well known to every body.

While the system of caucus and convention nominations remains, therefore, the only way in which honest voters can ascertain whom to support is to depend upon those who know who ought to be supported. But nobody will know unless somebody takes the trouble to ascertain. In other words, until certain citizens who are well known in the community take upon themselves the task of discovering and announcing what candidates should be supported, we must all vote at random to fill many of the most important offices. Yet nowhere is self-assumed duty, however useful to the public, and however costly in every way to those who assume it, less kindly regarded than with us. And when Messrs. O'CONOR, EMOTT, PECKHAM, and CHOATE issued their address the other day, stating that as they had been in a position to know the corruptions and the rascals in the reform movement of last year, they would now recommend or disapprove candidates for the Legislature, there was a foolish feeling sometimes expressed that they were running before they were sent.

But if these gentlemen had not felt that they could easily encounter a jealousy of this kind, which was sure to be uttered, they would not have been the men for the responsibility. They see a duty which nobody cares to undertake, and they propose to do it. It is in itself one of the pleasantest signs of our political condition that men of the highest character do not hesitate to perform a disagreeable political duty. If there are unhandsome and menacing facts in the situation, this certainly shows that there is in reserve the precise remedy for them. Thus it is a constant complaint that desirable men can hardly afford to go to the Legislature or even to Congress. Probably none of the four gentlemen who have assumed this duty would consent to serve in the Assembly. But they do the next best thing in ascertaining and announcing who of all the candidates nominated honest men ought to support.

For they propose only to counsel the community in regard to the members of the Legislature, and to do this irrespective of party. Indeed, they represent all political opinions, and they suggest that in the Assembly elections party considerations be subordinated to those of honest capacity, so that in a Republican district, for instance, if an untrusty Republican and an honest Democrat be nominated, all the honest votes should be cast for the Democrat, and so *vice versa* in a Democratic district. But as this Legislature will elect a United States Senator, we trust that no Republican district will by an improper nomination furnish a reason for Republicans to leave their party.

There is one remark, however, in the address of the four gentlemen which may be misinterpreted to the disadvantage of the most honorable men. "Having been in the last Assembly," they say, "should be regarded as a ground for hesitation and inquiry in regard to most persons who may tender themselves as candidates." This is not, indeed, a declaration that every member of the last Assembly was unworthy, but it is very like it; and it is therefore, and so far, a blow at the very cause that the gentlemen would serve. For how insuperably difficult will it be to find honorable men willing to go to the Legislature if they know that not only must they lose their time and money, but their good name also! There were men of the best character and of perfect purity in the last Assembly, who fulfilled every duty most conscientiously, and at very serious personal sacrifice; and Mr. O'CONOR and his associates seem to us hardly to have reflected how severe their implied censure is upon such gentlemen. The same sweeping denunciation used to include State Senators like EZRA CORNELL and SAMUEL CAMPBELL and ANDREW D. WHITE, and it inevitably tends to exclude such men from public life.

But the duty which the gentlemen have taken upon themselves is most essential, and there are none more fitted by general respect and confidence to perform it. There can be no doubt that the result will be in every way auspicious.

MR. FROUDE'S LECTURES.

THE expectation which has been excited by the arrival of Mr. FROUDE will not be disappointed by his lectures. He is an English scholar of great learning and of strong convictions, who feels that the opinion of America, in which the Irish element of population is very strong, will be of the greatest service in settling for England the perplexing question of Ireland. His conviction is that the relations between this country and Ireland are so close and vital that if we should say to the Irish that they ought to be satisfied, they would be satisfied.

His course of five lectures is therefore an argument addressed to the intelligence of the United States as an arbitrator. He assumes, not incorrectly, that we are more familiar with the Irish than the English view. For we all know, although he does not say, that a most valuable part of the outfit of demagogues in the United States is a loud profession of sympathy with the wrongs of Ireland, and a vehement denunciation of English tyranny, accompanied with the least possible knowledge of the facts. Mr. FROUDE has patiently mastered the facts, and comes to tell them, so that our judgment may be at least an enlightened one, and therefore valuable.

One point, however, he frankly states in the beginning. And it is that although after seven centuries of union England and Ireland are not yet matched, yet England could not permit Ireland to become independent so long as by force of arms she is able to prevent it. The geographical situation is such that England must control the island. But he concedes that this control must be by equal laws, honestly administered. It was evident in his first lecture, upon the Norman conquest, that he hopes to show that the woes of Ireland have sprung from the character of the race rather than from the misrule of England; and he does not expect that there will be an immediate assent to his proposition.

The occasion of the opening lecture was very interesting. The hall of the Young Men's Christian Association was filled with an audience whose close and appreciative attention was the highest compliment to the lecturer. His reception, after a few happy words of introduction by Dr. CROSBY, was most cordial. His manner in speaking is that of a student, and his English cadence was to some ears a little perplexing. But his earnestness and simplicity are very winning. The literary treatment of his theme was most skillful. It showed at once the accomplished literary artist. To begin by reading the letter of our minister in England at the end of the last century, and to suggest that a country whose minister had so expressed himself about the Irish should be tolerant of the English feeling toward Ireland, was a masterly stroke.

The affluence of learning in the lecture was not more remarkable than the clear eye and firm touch of the scholar. With a few vivid and felicitous words he depicted that ideal ancient Ireland upon which Father BURKE and the other Irish orators so fondly dwell, and then, with a dry and incisive humor, showed how utterly unreal it was. The doctrine which he finally announced in justification of foreign interference is one which in this country we do not accept. It is one which CARLYLE has strenuously advocated, but in America it seems to us a doctrine which, however fair in the ideal, inevitably degenerates in practice into the supremacy of mere might under the illusive plea of right.

The presence of Mr. FROUDE and of Professor TYNDALL in this country will prove, we have little doubt, a most powerful elevating influence in the lecture lyceum.

THE ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF NEW YORK AND THE "TRIBUNE."

THE New York *Tribune* recently charged the Attorney-General of New York, General BARLOW, with corruption. It had just withdrawn a similar charge against Speaker BLAINE, which it began by declaring "proved." The *Tribune* seems not to know that to bring an accusation of corruption against any man, and to emphasize it and elaborate it, without careful previous inquiry, is one of the most infamous offenses of which a man or a journal can be guilty. Had the *Tribune* sought the truth, instead of the injury of General BARLOW, and through him of the Republican Administration, it would have ascertained whether the facts were as alleged. It certainly would not have recklessly hastened to deal a blow meant to be fatal at the reputation of a most honorable citizen.

The charge was, first, that General BARLOW had corruptly taken private compensation for discharging his public duty in accepting fees from parties who brought suits against the late directors of the Erie Railway Company. In reply General BARLOW publishes a letter to the company which he wrote in August last upon learning that there was an entry upon the company's books of money paid to him for services. This letter shows that being called upon to bring an action which only the Attorney-General can bring, he assented, and that he did not receive a penny for his services, although large fees were urged upon him, and although some of his predecessors have held that, under a certain statute, such fees might properly be received. The president of the company, Mr. P. H. WATSON, writes in reply that General BARLOW'S letter had been spread upon the minutes of the board, and that marginal notes had been made in the books against the entries, that the fact might appear, as stated in the Attorney-General's letter, that all the money paid to him was disbursed for retainers and for the necessary expenses of the suit. And Mr. SOUTHMAYD publishes a letter confirming, from his own knowledge, the statement of the Attorney-General. The reply of General BARLOW conclusively exposes the falsehood that he had corruptly or improperly received money.

And what does the reader suppose is the rejoinder of the *Tribune*? It made its attack on the 12th of October. On the 15th of October General BARLOW published his letter to the Erie Company, written on the 16th of August, and the next day the *Tribune* says, "Attorney-General BARLOW, *in reply to the letters which we published on Saturday*, writes to the Board of Directors of the Erie Railway Company, and requests them to correct their books."

The other charge is that the Attorney-General paid money to the Hon. HENRY SMITH, Speaker of the last Assembly, to secure his support of the Erie Railroad bills. Mr. SMITH was retained on the 1st of January, not because he had been nominated as Speaker, but because of his conceded ability and his peculiar familiarity with the Erie litigations. In the letter retaining Mr. SMITH the Attorney-General plainly stated that the persons moving against the road might apply for legislative relief, in which case, of course, he would not be consulted. But the main reliance of the movement was upon the courts. The Attorney-General

stated in conclusion that it was Mr. SMITH's familiarity with the whole subject which made it very desirable for the prosecutors to retain his services. General BARLOW says truly that such a letter might have been written with the object of influencing Mr. SMITH's legislative action. But when it is read in the light of General BARLOW's character, and of the fact that Mr. SMITH's pecuniary interest would have led him to oppose the repeal of the Classification act, which, on the contrary, he favored, the letter is as conclusive as the other, and the vindication of General BARLOW is complete.

That he should have been compelled to make it is one of the penalties of public life in a community where a journal respects itself so little as the *Tribune* now evidently does. It is beating the air in despair. Conscious that it no longer represents that great, regenerating, liberty-loving, and patriotic sentiment of which for so many years it has been an organ, it seems to be equally heedless of truth and of consistency. It is not the least striking of the results of this extraordinary campaign that it both ends Mr. GREELEY's political career and destroys the character and influence of the paper with which he is identified.

"THE SOUTH."

THE situation of the Southern States and the state of public opinion there are problems that will long tax the best political sagacity of the country. The cry of reconciliation is merely confusing and knavish, because it is raised as a declaration that the Government in some way persecutes the Southern States, and that there is monstrous inequality in the national laws. This is wholly untrue, and it necessarily diverts public attention from the real question. There is now, as there was before the war, deplorable ignorance of the actual state of feeling in both parts of the country. And this ignorance is carefully cultivated. The GREELEY orators represent the Southern States as full of prostrate and ruined brothers sighing for fraternal reconciliation, and the Northern States as haughty and tyrannical, insolently insisting upon holding their hapless associates under an iron heel. The mischief which has been done in this way by those who affect to be peculiarly anxious for "reconciliation" is incalculable. It is like the old Democratic policy of representing the slave-holders as the victims of incendiaries in the free States who would insist upon repeating the Declaration of Independence, and who were sowing the seeds of hate and distrust. That the sum of all cruelties and evils might possibly tend to sow alienation, and that the barometer was not responsible for the weather, were not suggested by the Democratic doctors.

Those who know the actual situation of the Southern States feel most strongly the necessity of the continuance of Republican administration. The tyranny of opinion in those States is still most powerful. The old Southern element is represented by those who hesitate at nothing, and the ignorance and passions necessarily bred in a society ruled by the slave interest still govern by brute fear and force as in the older day. There are many counties in the Southern States in which no man dares to betray that he is a Republican; and there are large numbers of respectable persons who are absolutely terrorized, and who conform to the prevailing despotism even to voting. Republican meetings are held with difficulty and even with danger in many parts of those States. The memories of the lost cause are carefully cherished. Many of the old military organizations of that cause are still maintained, and the feeling is, of course, regretful and bitter.

Certainly we would not deal with such a state of things by sharp and harsh laws. But with equal certainty we would not try to persuade ourselves or any reader that any sentimental gushing about "reconciliation" will help the matter. The first step toward radical and final pacification in the Southern States is the universal conviction that Republican ascendency will be maintained, and then that it will not adopt hard nor unequal measures. And the earnest of the future is the past. There is not one thoughtful man of that part of the country who can truthfully say that the policy of the Republican party has ever been a vindictive policy. Not a life has been taken, not a dollar confiscated, in penalty of the war. Political and civil rights have been made equal, and all that has been required is that they shall be respected. But so long as the despotic class, the old "South," believes that there is a chance of the return of the Democratic party, its party, to power, so long final pacification is impossible.

It is the hope of this chance that rallies this class to the support of Mr. GREELEY. If it could succeed, the condition of the known Union men in the Southern States would be intolerable. Even now the Ku-Klux virtually sits upon the bench in many places, and the triumph of the Democracy with Mr. GREELEY would make justice toward Union men of any color a farce. Human nature in the Southern States is just what it is in the Northern, and every where else. The way to peace is through, and not backward. A sincere conviction that the national policy will not be changed, and an evident care that it shall be a just and firm and humane policy, are the two springs of hope for the Southern situation.

HEDGING.

THERE is an evident hope of "hedging" upon the part of the GREELEY organs. They now tell us that a party of honesty and reform can not fail ultimately to succeed: it may be baffled and betrayed, but final triumph is sure. This is a safe general proposition, but it fatally fails in the special application. The remark means that the GREELEY coalition is one of honesty and reform, and that therefore that coalition must at last control the government. The simple fact is—and its constant reiteration and accumulated proof have satisfied the country—that the GREELEY coalition is nothing but a device of the Democratic party to recover power. It is notorious also that a very influential part of that party, men who have sincere political convictions, repudiate the coalition. And the statement, therefore, amounts only to this, that the Democratic party, reinforced by a few Republicans, is a party of honesty and reform which must necessarily prevail.

We apprehend that the truth is now what it has always been—namely, that no new party is possible until one of the old parties is finally disorganized and dissolved. The Cincinnati coalition is not and never has been a party. If the Democratic money, votes, and organization were withdrawn, the GREELEY nomination would be no more imposing than the Temperance nominations in this State two years ago. It would not be known, and of course it would not receive a single electoral vote. To say, therefore, that this coalition is that party of reform and progress which is sure to triumph, is merely to erect a hedge behind which to hide from the truth.

Nor ought any intelligent man to cling to the movement under the melancholy delusion that it is a protest against misrule. It is, on the contrary, merely a protest against Republican ascendency. It is a protest against the logic of events. It is a protest in favor of reaction. It is a protest against the control of the government by the principles that prevailed in the war. It is a protest in behalf of the restoration of the tendency against which the conscience and industry of this country have contended for a generation. And it has never been any thing else. The moment that the reform movement was baffled at Cincinnati by some of the most notorious politicians in the country, the issue became as evident as it was in 1868 or 1864. Those who, sincerely discontented with the Administration, but with equal sincerity desiring a genuine Republican rule, went to Cincinnati, hoping to secure it, can hardly pretend that they think it would be attained in the election of Mr. GREELEY by the Democratic party.

Indeed, the eyes of such persons should be unsealed by the fact, which we elsewhere mention, and which is an open secret, that the defection of genuine Democrats is enormous. And if, as we believe and hope, the result of the election should be the total defeat and disintegration of the Democratic party, the exact position of those who say that the party of reform and honesty can not be baffled will be this, that having tried to restore the Democratic party, they have utterly destroyed it. In that way, and in no other, will the GREELEY Republicans have promoted reform and progress.

PERSONAL.

HON. JAMES KNOX, of Knoxville, Illinois, now in Berlin, Germany, has presented Hamilton College with $10,000 for the improvement and endowment of its Hall of Natural History.

—The Emperor WILLIAM I. of Germany has a private rent-roll of one and a half millions of dollars. We have a WILLIAM (B. ASTOR) whose rent-roll is double that, and a CORNELIUS (not the *cent*-urion, but the million-turion), and an ALEXANDER (not the Great, but an ALEXANDER with a T.), whose incomes are greater than that of the German potentate twice over, perhaps more. It may be doubted whether, with the exception of the ROTHSCHILDS and one or two other of the great money kings of Europe, any country in the world has three private citizens, or kings, or nobles who have incomes so large as those of the three persons we have named.

—Lord Dundreary SOTHERN is said to be negotiating for the purchase of the Liverpool *Post*. The price asked is $80,000.

—M. DE TAPIES, a late French writer, gives the following table of literary mortality in his "Statistical Contrast between France and England:" "Out of 1000 published books 600 never pay for printing, 200 just pay expenses, 100 return a slight profit, and only 100 show a substantial gain. Of these 1000 books 650 are forgotten by the end of the year; only 50 survive seventy years' publicity. Of the 50,000 publications put forth in the seventeenth century hardly more than fifty have an established reputation. Of the 80,000 works published in the eighteenth century posterity has hardly preserved more than were rescued from oblivion in the seventeenth century. Men have been writing books 3000 years, and there are hardly more than 500 writers throughout the globe who have survived the outrages of time and the forgetfulness of man."

—"Parson" BROWNLOW will hardly be able to resume his seat in the Senate at the approaching session. A correspondent who lately called on him at his home found him lying prostrate on a lounge, while at his feet sat his daughter, a patient, pale-faced girl of about twenty. He was propped up by a pillow, his hands and arms shaking violently, as if urged by an electric battery. His voice is reduced to the merest whisper, so low that one has to stoop to his pillow to hear him.

—The Hon. A. G. RIDDLE, of Ohio, is reputed to be the author of a new Western novel, announced for publication. It is a story of life in the Western Reserve forty years ago, and in it many real personages, known to fame, appear under their own or fictitious names. Among them are BEN WADE, JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, and others less noted.

—Colonel JACK HAYS, formerly known as the leader of the "Texan Rangers," is roughing it on the income of over $200,000 in Alameda, California.

—ERCKMANN and CHATRIAN, the famous Alsacian novelists, are as unlike as they make them. The latter is of middle height, dark and swarthy. ERCKMANN is tall and bulky, with a broad, full, smiling face, and eyes sparkling with joy and gayety. His manners are supremely frank and hearty. He is a joyful companion and a prodigious beer-drinker.

—We have the authority of the London *Art Journal* for saying that Sir GEORGE HAYTER's large and well-known picture, "The Burning of Latimer and Ridley at Oxford," has been purchased by a Mr. LATIMER, of the United States, a direct descendant of the martyr. It is now on the way hither.

—"What are we coming to!" may well be exclaimed when we are told by Canon TREVOR that he learns that there is actually a subscription on foot in Bombay to build a pagoda in London for the worship of Vishnu and Siva.

—EDWIN FORREST not only possesses one of the largest and best private libraries in the country, but his collection of dramatic works is probably unsurpassed by any other in England or America. The apartment in which his books are placed is very spacious and comfortable—a model, indeed, for such a room. Mr. FORREST is said to contemplate giving a series of readings. In this he could scarcely fail to be successful. Although supposed by most people to be a man rather soured and morose, he is among his friends one of the most entertaining and genial of men, and as a *raconteur* has few superiors.

—M. GUIZOT and M. THIERS boast of never having had a headache. They were never of the "next-morning" sort.

—WACHTEL is coming to the United States again within a year, and will bring with him the great soprano, Madame MALLINGER.

—STORY, the sculptor, has lately sold two parlor statues of his "Semiramis," one to an Englishman, the other to an American, for $8000 each. Many years ago the father of the sculptor, Judge STORY, an Associate Justice of the United States Supreme Court, was at a public banquet in Boston, and near him was seated EDWARD EVERETT. The judge, in the course of one of those neat little speeches for which he was famous, concluded a pleasant allusion to Mr. EVERETT by saying that "Fame travels where EVER-ETT goes." Mr. EVERETT, in an equally felicitous response, replied that "however far or however high he might go, he should never be able to get above one STORY."

—GERIK BEY, a Turkish officer, is coming hither to preside over the commission appointed to receive the rifled guns ordered in this country for the Turkish army.

—Mr. JACOB H. TEN EYCK, of Albany, who died in that city a few days since at the ripe age of ninety-three, was a fine type of the gentleman of the old school. He was born in that city, and had seen and known most of the notable men of the State who have flourished during the last half century, and had been on terms of intimacy with those best worth knowing. Although a man of large wealth and a bachelor, his habits and tastes were averse to the turmoil of politics, and he never aspired to legislative or executive honors. His inclinations were rather to do kindly things in a quiet, undemonstrative manner, and to aid in various ways the benevolent and religious enterprises of the day. And thus, throughout a long and prosperous career, he enjoyed the highest esteem of his fellow-citizens. It is pleasant to dwell upon the character of so good and so just a man.

—See how a Western gent connected with the press has struggled to let the world know what he has found out about a singularly unhappy pair: "JASPER M. PAIR and MARY PAIR, of Sparta, Illinois, were an unhappy pair. He was a Protestant, she a Catholic. She refused to live with him unless he became a Catholic too. He wouldn't. She had their only child christened in the Catholic Church. He didn't like it, so they came to pair off in 1869, and now, at JASPER's petition, the Spartan law has given its consent to each remaining, for good or evil, a single Pair."

—Mr. MITCHELL, the United States Senator elect from Oregon, will be the youngest member of that body, being only thirty-six—a year younger than Senator SPENCER, of Alabama. He is a lawyer, formerly of California, and has for some years been the leading counsel of Mr. BEN HALLIDAY, the Overland man, who has two daughters married to French noblemen.

—The Emperor WILLIAM has done a new thing—conferred the first German decoration, since the annexation, on a native of Alsace-Lorraine, namely, the Cross of Merit for Women, on Madame SCHMIDT and Mademoiselle BATILLARD, for their services in nursing wounded soldiers, both French and German.

—KOSSUTH now lives an exile in Turin in poverty and seclusion, though each year elected to the Hungarian Parliament. He has grown very gray and old, but is still vigorous. His two sons live with him, the only survivors of the family. It is twenty-three years since his voice was heard on the eastern border of his country in one of his impassioned appeals. His picture is in every cottage. There is a halo about him. Yet the generation growing up naturally enough regard him as a historic wonder, and his influence in public affairs is fast fading away. They never hear him—the orator not surpassed in intellectual power in modern times.

—HARRIET HOSMER's exquisite statue of the ex-Queen of Naples excites the enthusiasm of Rome. The Queen is represented as about to apply a match to a cannon.

—General SHERMAN says that his experience of Europe has been a very pleasant one, and, as a rule, the people have adopted pretty generally what is best suited to them. In England, Ireland, and Scotland he found much to admire. They live a more placid life than we do, and are not continually on the excelsior movement, burning the fire of life with the blower up.

—One of the remarkable men of this State is the Hon. GOUVERNEUR KEMBLE, of Cold Spring, opposite West Point. He is now in his eighty-seventh year. Besides having been a Representative in Congress from this State from 1837 to 1841, and in various ways a sort of "guide, philosopher, friend," and benefactor in the region round about him, he has for over half a century been noted for having as his frequent and always delighted guests the most eminent of those who have shed lustre on the political, literary, and scientific history of the country. His Saturday dinners are known to clever people the world over. During the past season Mr. KEMBLE has amused himself with translating from the Spanish, for a lady (who has had it privately printed), a tale by Mrs. SEMPER, of Bogota, entitled "Dolores; or, The Story of a Leper." The remarkable fact is, that during the last fifty years Mr. KEMBLE has not read a book in Spanish.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

THE funeral of the late Hon. William H. Seward took place at Auburn October 14. In spite of the inclemency of the day as many as six thousand persons took part in the solemn services, including many of the most distinguished men of the country. The remains were buried in the Fort Hill Cemetery.

A most daring robbery took place at Waterford, near Troy, New York, on the 14th of October, by which the Saratoga County Bank lost over $300,000. The robbers were a gang of nine desperadoes, disguised as Ku-Klux, who first gagged and bound the cashier of the bank, and then did their work.

The pastors of most of the evangelical churches in Washington have held meetings recently to devise means for discouraging Sunday funerals, on the ground that they draw worshipers from the churches, and, when accompanied by bands of music, interfere with church services.

Small-pox is on the increase in Washington. The Health Officer reports fifteen new cases and seven deaths during four days. From January 1 to October 2 there were 456 cases. Since June 1 257 cases have been reported and 60 deaths. Thirty-eight of those who died had never been vaccinated, and 12 who had been successfully vaccinated died.

The State Congregational Convention, at their session in Rochester, October 16, offered for consideration a resolution to change the pay-day of employés from Saturday to Monday, as calculated to promote temperance, a better observance of the Sabbath, etc.

The committee appointed to investigate the recent terrible disaster to the steamer *Metis* have submitted their report. They revoke the license of the master for "general inefficiency," and those of the first and second pilots for "carelessness." The first mate is also suspended for six months for leaving the boat to the care of a deck hand. The report adds that had the law in reference to the training of crews been complied with, the disaster might have been avoided.

The correctness of the report of the Brownsville Commission, appointed by Congress last winter to investigate the disorders on the Rio Grande, is challenged by the Mexican authorities. They pronounce it a one-sided document, and maintain that the acts of lawlessness complained of are mutual, and have proceeded not from any fault of the Mexican government, but from the disregard of law, on both sides, in that distant portion of our frontier.

The National Board of Trade held its second session in New Orleans October 16. Among the important questions under discussion were, how to better the condition of our immigrants, and the means of securing more reliable railroad service than at present.

The steamer *Providence*, bound for Boston and Fall River, came into collision with a government scow in Hell Gate on the evening of October 16. Fortunately all the passengers were rescued by the steamer *Narraganset*.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A REPUBLICAN revolt broke out at the Spanish arsenal of Ferrol, in the Province of Corunna, in the middle of October. Fifteen hundred men belonging to the arsenal, together with a portion of the Naval Coast-Guard and some of the population, joined in the movement, led by Montijo and Rosar. The insurgents seized the gun-boat in the harbor, took possession of the light-house, and closed the port against the approach of government reinforcements from the sea. The national troops entered the town, and ended the revolt on the 17th, when most of the insurgents fled. About five hundred were captured by the troops.

Paris is again agitated—this time by the announcement from President Thiers that he has received information to the effect that the Communists of the city have in their possession 2000 Orsini bombs.

Prince Napoleon intends to prosecute the French Minister of the Interior for expelling him from France without the authority of law.

The Pope intends to remain in Rome—at least so says Cardinal Bonnechose, who has just returned to Paris from a visit to the "Holy Father."

Private letters from Mexico say that Lerdo de Tejada is exceedingly anxious to arrange the misunderstanding between the United States and Mexico created by Guzman's conduct in Washington.

The Spanish Cortes has voted the reply to the address from the throne by 205 against 68. Those of the minority were Alphonsists and republicans.

Five thousand laborers are on a strike at the steamship docks in Liverpool.

The railway between Yokohama and Jeddo has been formally opened by the Mikado.

A passenger train ran off the track twelve miles from Chelmsford, England, October 17, and ten cars were thrown down a high embankment. One passenger was killed and twenty-three were injured, some, it is feared, fatally.

The postal treaty between France and the United States, which reduces the rate of postage by nearly one-half, has been approved by the State Departments of both countries, and will soon come into full operation.

In order to meet the deficient budget, and to provide for the increasing exigencies of the war, the authorities of Havana have just made a large increase of taxation. Every slave hired out is taxed $24; the present export duties and the war tax on real estate are doubled; the war tax on bankers and merchants, and the war tax on imported goods, increased from 10 to 25 per cent. on the present amount of duties. The new law goes into effect on the 1st of next January.

STATUE OF ROBERT FULTON.
[Photographed by R. Spitzer, Brooklyn, E. D.]

PETER COFFEE, PILOT OF THE FIRST STEAM FULTON FERRY BOAT.
[Photographed by C. H. Williamson, Brooklyn.]

FULTON FERRY.

Two hundred and thirty years ago, while New York was still New Amsterdam, an enterprising Dutchman, by the name of Cornelis Dircksen, who kept a small inn near what is now known as Peck Slip, started the first regular ferry-boat to Long Island. The New Amsterdam landing was near his inn, the Long Island landing at the foot of the present Fulton Street. At that early day the time occupied in crossing the river, as well as the difficulties of rowing across a strong current, necessitated the location of the ferry where the two shores came nearest together, although the town of New Amsterdam occupied only the lower point of the island, at a considerable distance below the landing.

As travel and business increased, the facilities for crossing the East River were multiplied and improved. But previous to 1814 the only boats used for this purpose were sail or row boats for passengers, and flat scows with sprit-sails for freight, cattle, wagons, etc. Ferry business was, therefore, very much at the mercy of wind and tide. At slack water, or with a moderate current, the oarsmen had an easy time; but when the tide was strong or the wind contrary, when and where the boats would land were matters of painful uncertainty. Delays and accidents were of frequent occurrence. In 1784 a ferry-boat was upset by the sudden shifting of a horse, of which there were five on board. In December, 1795, a boat capsized, and "one man and seven fat oxen were drowned." On the 2d of April, 1798, a large ferry-boat was sunk in a gale of wind, and three passengers and four boatmen were drowned. Had we space we might give a long catalogue of similar accidents recorded in the newspapers of the day.

The success of Fulton's first steamboat, the *Clermont*, in 1807-8, aroused the attention of some of the leading capitalists of the day to the peculiar applicability of the new motive power to the improvement of ferries. The first steam ferry-boat used in these waters was run on the North River, between New York and Hoboken, in 1811. The next route on which steam was used was Fulton Ferry, between New York and Brooklyn. The first steamboat put upon the ferry was the *Nassau*, whose advent is thus noticed in the *Long Island Star* of May 11, 1814:

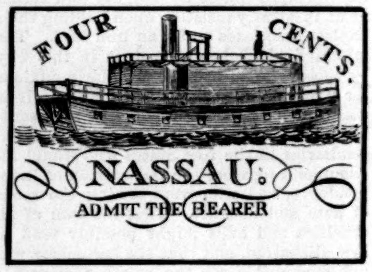
"New Steamboat Nassau.—On Sunday last commenced running the new and beautiful steamboat *Nassau* as a ferry-boat between New York and Brooklyn. This noble boat surpassed the expectations of the public in the rapidity of her movements. Her trips varied from five to twelve minutes, according to tide and weather.... Carriages and wagons, however crowded, pass on and off the boat with the same facility as in passing a bridge. There is a spacious room below the deck, where passengers may be secure from the weather. This splendid evidence of the progress of science and the arts, while it affords to all a safe and agreeable communication with the city, is a sure harbinger of the future weal and prosperity of Long Island."

The appearance of this "noble boat" is shown in our fac-simile of the first tickets used on the Fulton Ferry. It was built with a double hull, the wheel being in the centre, and was steered by means of a common tiller. The pilots had no shelter, and must have suffered keenly during the winter months. Up to within six or seven years one of these old-fashioned double-keeled boats with centre wheel, but with pilot-houses, was running on the Greenpoint Ferry.

There are now six ferries connecting New York with Brooklyn, not including that part of the latter city formerly known as Williamsburg, over which not fewer than 40,000,000 passengers cross every year—or about 110,000 daily. The boats on these ferries make about twelve hundred and fifty crossings daily, the boats being run day and night on the Fulton and Hamilton Avenue ferries, and on the others to as late an hour at night and as early in the morning as public necessity requires. The almost incredible immunity from accidents which these ferries have enjoyed during the last thirty years (but three fatal accidents having occurred on the boats during that period) is largely due to the skill, care, sobriety, and fidelity of the pilots—a class of men carefully trained on the boats for their position, and so rigidly sifted that not one in twenty-five is ultimately accepted by the company. Nothing can exceed the skill with which these pilots navigate their large boats, of from five to six hundred tons each, heavily laden with passengers and vehicles of every description, their track constantly crossed and their course intercepted by steamboats and sailing vessels, with strong flood or ebb tides sweeping laterally against them, encountering baffling eddies and cross currents as they approach the slips, and yet threading their way with unerring certainty and safety.

The boats at present run by the company are twenty in number—large, strong, and superior vessels in every respect. No less than seven ferry-boats were taken by the government for war vessels during the rebellion, and performed important blockading service along the coast. They also served as models for the "double-enders" constructed by the government during the war. Two of them, the *Clinton* and the *Somerset*, were repurchased by the company after the war, and are now doing service on the Fulton Ferry.

It is somewhat strange that until a few days since the man whose genius gave the earliest impetus to steam ferry communication between New York and its sister cities should not have been honored with a statue or other monument. The Brooklyn Ferry Company has at last removed this reproach by erecting a bronze statue of the great inventor in a conspicuous position in the Fulton Ferry house on the Brooklyn side. Our engraving shows it to be a fine work of art. It was modeled by Mr. H. Buberl, the face being copied from an original portrait, supposed to be the only one in existence, in the possession of the late Dr. Vinton, of Brooklyn. The statue represents Fulton standing in a contemplative attitude, draped in the costume of the time—coat with high collar, breeches, and Hessian boots with tassels, and over these the ample cloak worn commonly during the last century and early portion of this one. His left arm is across his breast, sustaining the folds of the cloak on that side. His right hand rests on the



FAC-SIMILE OF FIRST FERRY TICKET.

model of the first Fulton Ferry boat, the *Nassau*, which, in turn, rests on a pedestal.

Our other portrait is that of Mr. Peter Coffee, the first pilot employed on the Fulton Ferry. He steered the *Nassau* on her first trip, and remained in the service of the company for over fifty years. Mr. Coffee was born in 1777, and being still hale and hearty, stands a fair chance of surviving into the second century of his life.

FULTON FERRY IN 1750, FROM THE BROOKLYN SHORE.—[From an Old Print.]

OUR FOREIGN RULER (?).

F. K. "I will do your bidding, as you are infallible."

"I would rather be right than be President."—H. Clay.

I would be any thing to be President.

THE TAMMANY SOCIETY.

GREELEY AND KERNAN.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

The dangerous influence the Tammany Society has so long exercised in the politics of our city, State, and country demands, for the general safety, its complete suppression. It is seldom, indeed, that any single institution has produced so much evil, has proved so destructive to public morals and the welfare of a community. Organized as a charitable association, scarcely any thing is known of its liberality; its beneficiaries, if any, are lost in the multitude it has plundered or oppressed. In its earlier period it was soon transformed into a political club, and possibly did little practical harm in the plainer and less dishonest era of our city. But its power was gradually consolidated; its measures grew unscrupulous and daring; it no longer appealed to the wiser and purer portion of our citizens, but tempted and seduced the ignorant and the depraved; until, by a process common in history, the association which had once boasted the purity of its democracy, grew into a violent oligarchy, corrupt, menacing, tyrannical; held a control over its fellow-citizens that was founded upon bribery and terror; filled every public office with its shameless instruments, and was at last detected in such enormous peculations as were never known in any other city. When the Romish priests, at the command of their foreign master, began their assaults upon the public schools, they found a ready ally in the Tammany Society. Its leaders placed the Board of Education in the control of the enemies of general knowledge, and at length appropriated a large fund to the support of schools that were taught and governed solely by the Romish priests. Tammany became the representative of a foreign influence and a foreign Church. It was European rather than American. It teemed with the coarse prejudices, the dull ignorance, the intense moral blindness, that to American sentiment are so repulsive, with that mental and moral feebleness that belongs to populations racked by the despot and oppressed by the priest. It represented the opinions or the passions of the Irish vote, upon which its leaders chiefly depended for their power; it seduced and misled a portion of the Germans; it purchased the influence of unworthy Republicans; and if the more reputable German and Irish citizens shrank from it in disdain, it was still chiefly a foreign society. It was Celtic and Roman Catholic. Of the boards of aldermen and councilmen which it succeeded in fixing at the moment of its supreme authority upon our city, three-fourths were said to have been born in Ireland, and were rigid adherents of the Romish faith. Of its Board of Emigration the majority were Irish Catholics. In the Board of Education the Catholic influence ruled, and still rules. The commissions of all the other departments of the city government were filled with persons who were known to be the willing instruments of the peculiar designs of the Romish priesthood, and the strange and shameful spectacle was presented to the world of a great and wealthy republican metropolis governed by a class of men wholly unfamiliar with the requirements of freedom, who were steeped in foreign prejudices or foreign ignorance, who had boldly usurped a political power which they employed for the ruin of the community, the gratification of their own avarice or ambition.

The political career of Tammany, as might well be conceived, has teemed with gross errors or enormous crimes. Unacquainted with the natural impulses of freemen, or impelled by an irresistible foreign influence, its leaders have driven it into measures that have nearly secured the destruction of freedom in the New World. It was early allied to the Southern slave-holders; it reflected their imperious and intense hatred for human equality. It was the foe of the working-men, the ally of their oppressors. It rejoiced when the fugitive slave was hunted through the streets of New York and Boston; when the mad politicians of South Carolina demanded the revival of the slave-trade, or threatened to crush by violence the generous instincts of the North; and when the rebellion broke out, the Tammany Society, still ruled by a secret and foreign influence, was scarcely prevented by the firm aspect of the people from venturing upon open treason. It became a centre of discontent and danger. It prolonged the war by the encouragement it offered to the traitors. It assailed with endless calumnies every man of eminence who rose to the aid of the government; it seized upon each moment of disaster to force its own adherents into office; its money and its power were lavishly expended to elect a Seymour, and perhaps a Kernan, to defeat the war measures of the government, and save the dying rebellion. It was the centre of the "peace meetings," the last hope of Davis and Saunders; and when the vigorous grasp of Grant was fixed upon the rebel stronghold, the Tammany Society, full of treasonable hopes, summoned its adherents to the Chicago Convention, and entered into negotiations with a band of miscreants in Canada.

Lincoln and Grant defeated the prosperous schemes of the foreign society, and the rebellion it had fostered withered in despair. Yet the Tammany Society has never ceased to fan the spirit of disunion, to extend its vindictive aid to the fallen rebels. At the close of the war it once more established its imperious rule over our unfortunate city. Its foreign allies moved to its support in a united body, and our purer and better citizens looked on in hopeless alarm while their treasury was rifled to corrupt the elections of the East and the West, while Tammany welcomed to its meetings the chiefs of the Southern Confederacy, while it scoffed at decency, and ruled by shameless corruption. Its guilty members rioted in license and extravagance; their gross vices and their infamous examples corrupted the young and debased a generation; the public offices were filled with the worthless and the depraved; an enormous debt was imposed upon the city to enrich the members of the Tammany Society, to satisfy the demands of the Romish priests, to maintain the

THE GERMAN VOTE.

C. S. "Perhaps I've lost it!"

THE SAME OLD SMELL.

profligate masters of the community, to purchase the aid of recreant Republicans, to win the support of a venal press; and the honest and the industrious of many future generations will labor under a load of intolerable taxation because their ancestors once permitted a foreign society to plunder their city at will.

Covered with the ineffaceable stains of treason and of public robbery, its members at last attempted to rule by force, and in the spring of 1871 New York lay at the mercy of rebels, peculators, and foreign priests. The press was threatened, whenever it complained, with violence, lawsuits, and the frowns of infamous courts. The Common Council was imported from Ireland, and foreign assassins threatened the lives of those ardent citizens who planned reform. The Tammany Society ruled the city and the State. The Governor was its instrument, and the Legislature took its bribes. Neither SEYMOUR nor KERNAN, HOFFMAN nor COX, saw any thing unusual in its conduct, were shocked at its usurpations, or were unwilling to share in the fruits of its robbery and its tyranny. All were corrupted; the wiser and purer part of the Democracy had fled from its disreputable association forever. And in the spring of 1871 the foreign society, secure in its power at home, was resolved to seize upon the national government by the same arts with which it had subjected the metropolis of the Union. But the press had now begun to aim its sharpest blows against the rule of the priesthood and the reign of terror; the enormous robberies of the Tammany leaders were discovered; SEYMOUR and KERNAN, O'CONOR and TILDEN, turned against the society from whose aid they had so often profited; and in the autumn of the year that had seen the boldest tyranny of the Democratic rule the powerful society had fallen before the rage of the people; its leaders were known as felons and outcasts; the honest and the industrious trusted that the infamous association was forever dissolved, and that never again would Tammany be suffered to rise from its utter ruin to become the instrument of foreign priests, or to fan the flame of sectional disorder.

Yet it has sprung up once more, and if its most guilty members have fled from the claims of justice, the rage of the people, their old associates, the companions of many an assault upon the Union and the safety of freedom, upon law, good morals, and the purity of generations, are still found among the chiefs of the Tammany association. They have resumed their daring and their duplicity. They rally to their support the Ku-Klux in Georgia and the foreign population of New York. With the taint of fraud upon their brows, they stalked into the Baltimore Convention to nominate Mr. GREELEY for the Presidency, and trusted again to delude the people by an insincere coalition. They have nominated Mr. KERNAN for their Governor, and call upon the Romish priests and people to aid him with their united strength; they venture even to propose a candidate for the chief magistracy of the city they have plundered and reduced to bear an endless load of taxation. They hope, under a reputable name, to hide their own guilt and perfect their schemes of plunder. But it is in vain. The rage of the people is not spent, nor will it ever be satisfied until the society of Tammany shall have been dissolved forever. It is branded and accursed. Whoever accepts its nomination will become an object of suspicion to honest men; whoever labors to revive its power will be the friend of tyranny and of public robbery; whoever lends the aid of an honest name to cover its crimes will be judged of by his associates; whoever is inscribed on the rolls of the Tammany association has assumed a place of lasting infamy. The people require its suppression. By immense majorities in every free election that has yet taken place they have declared their judgment upon the crimes and the infamy of Tammany: they will utter it still more loudly in the overthrow of KERNAN and GREELEY. Every honest American blushes at the dishonor this dangerous society has brought upon free institutions and popular government; every intelligent Irishman or German has discovered the vileness of those demagogues by whom he was once misled almost to his ruin, and the candidates of the Tammany Society, involved in its duplicity—its victims or its accomplices—must look for no shelter from the general indignation of the people.

As the representatives of the Tammany Society, Mr. KERNAN and Mr. GREELEY appear before their countrymen. They have accepted its nomination, and rely wholly upon its support. Should they succeed in once more renewing its power, such a blow would be given to the cause of popular education as might check for generations the tide of American progress. In every Southern State, under the pacific rule of President GRANT, the common-school system has begun its beneficent career, and amidst the hostility of an uncultivated aristocracy is slowly breaking down the barriers of ignorance and pride. Under the rule of the allies of Tammany and the friends of Mr. GREELEY the school-houses are already burned, and the teachers whipped and driven away. In our own city and State, under the long reign of the foreign Church, the common-school system has been wounded and decried. Should Mr. KERNAN and his Roman Catholic supporters succeed in their designs, it would receive a still more dangerous blow. The priestly schools would be maintained from the public treasury, and the party opposed to the American system of education would control the resources of the State. In our city the leaders of the Tammany Society have filled all the departments of its government with their instruments or their allies. If Mr. GREELEY and Mr. KERNAN succeed in reviving its power, the foreign influence will be maintained, a clerical party will rule in the boards of emigration, education, public charities, and public works, and that reform which has been imperfectly begun among us will be forever checked. Waste, extravagance, and boundless peculation will once more dissipate the earnings of the industrious, and swell that vast debt which the plunderers of the Tammany Society have already imposed upon us. To the working-man, indeed, the imperious rule of the foreign association, teeming with European prejudices, has ever been a source of boundless evil. To elevate and dignify labor has been the chief aim of the Republican party; to crush the working-man into a serf or a slave was the avowed object of the Tammany leaders, of SEYMOUR and KERNAN, of COX or WOOD. They demanded the preservation of slavery; they denounced every project of universal emancipation. They have once more formed a close alliance with those Southern leaders who, in the height of their tyranny, proposed to reduce every white as well as every colored laborer to the condition of slavery; and the recent election in Georgia, carried by intimidation and force, shows that in one State, at least, this design has been nearly perfected. Yet it is by elections such as that of Georgia that the Tammany leaders hope to secure the control of the nation.

In the momentous election so nearly at hand the Tammany Society, covered with its ineffaceable stains of fraud, public robbery, and a long catalogue of crimes, ventures again to present its candidates, GREELEY and KERNAN, to the people, and with hollow professions of reconciliation and peace, hopes to hide its career of shame. The enemy of education and progress, of human equality and of equal rights, the instrument of a foreign Church, the destroyer of public virtue and of the good name of the nation, the terror of honest men—we trust that its impudent pretensions will receive so overwhelming an overthrow from the good sense of the people as will drive it into a lasting oblivion, and crush the rising hopes of the foes of popular progress in Europe and America.

MRS. ANDREWS.

"IT'S no use. I can't put it off another day," I remarked more to myself than my great, lazy brother, who lay stretched out on the library lounge, just after breakfast, reading the newspaper.

"Can't put what off?" he inquired, tossing the carefully perused sheet on to the floor—his usual habit.

"Can't put off having some dresses made," I replied, a little petulantly, I am afraid, for I knew my answer would disappoint him. Men generally have very little sympathy with housekeeping and dress-making trials—at least my brother had none. "Women spend altogether too much time over these things," I had heard him say time and time again, and naturally was vexed at myself for giving utterance to this thought before him.

"Oh, dresses!" he replied, in his usual tormenting tone when a subject didn't please him. "I thought from your manner that it was something of importance."

"Very probably, Mr. John Bittinger," I answered, wrathfully. "If you hadn't a decent coat to your back, you would think—"

"That it was a matter to be attended to immediately," he interrupted. "And I should go at once to my tailor's: but then I should never wait to get in such a fix."

Oh, the tantalizing manner with which this was spoken! If you had heard it you would have longed to box his ears just as I did.

"If you had a baby to take care of, and a house to attend to, and all your own marketing to do," I began, my burning cheeks fully testifying to my vexation. But he again stopped me with,

"If I had a baby to take care of, and a nurse to do it, and a house to attend to, with an experienced housekeeper at the head of the establishment, I don't think I should have any excuse for not having a decent dress to my back, or for being served more than once with rump-steak, especially when I paid for porter-house."

This was a sore spot, and John knew it; and I thought it was real hateful of him to revert to the matter again, especially as so much fun had been made of me in the past; but one can never be angry with John for more than a minute—at least I never could. He saw my red face, and concluded he had gone about far enough, for, jumping up quickly, he pulled me down on his knee (the great, rough, shaggy fellow), and said, while both arms held me tight,

"The little woman can't take a joke any better now than before she was a matron, I discover. I was only in fun, Kate. Pull my whiskers, box my ears, do any thing you choose—only do something. There!"—as I couldn't help laughing to see how much in earnest he was growing.

"Now it's all right, isn't it? She shall bother about dress-making, and buy tough steak, and be just as ridiculous as she chooses—only she must never on any account be angry with her brother for more than a second at a time. And now what kind of dresses is she going to buy, and how is she going to have them made? Pompadour and pelerine and flounces, and all that sort of thing, I suppose?"

"I know exactly how I want them made," I replied, laughing; for this was an unusual condescension of John's. "The only thing that bothers me is who I can get to make them. Somebody told me about a Mrs. Andrews who fitted beautifully."

"Mrs. who did you say?" inquired my brother, loosing his hold of me, and looking into my face eagerly and almost sternly, I thought.

"Mrs. Andrews," I answered, wondering what in the world had come over him. "But what makes you act so funny about it?"

"Funny?" he repeated after me, half musingly. "Do I act funny? I didn't mean to. But truly, Kate, if there is one name that I hate more than another in the whole vocabulary of names, that one is Andrews."

"But surely, John," I said, "you must have a reason for this. What can it be?" and I slipped off his knee on to the lounge and made preparations to listen comfortably to a long story; for my brother had been a great traveler, and had the power, when he felt like it, of taking his hearers with him to every place he had visited. I soon found that this was one of the times when he *didn't* feel like it, for he said, with a smile and a good-natured shrug of his broad shoulders,

"You got all fixed for it, didn't you, little curiosity-shop? but it's no go. I had a friend once who bore that name—that's all; and he disgraced himself and his name, and caused a few of us a good deal of trouble. That's the sum and substance of it; but all this happened a good while ago, and isn't worth thinking about. Come, off with you to your dress-maker of the odious name, while I go down town and see what the news is."

It was natural, I suppose, that I should speculate a little about this secret of John's—for that it was a secret I was quite sure by the way he dismissed me from his confidence; and so as I rode along to the street and number where I was directed to find this wonderful dress-maker, who could fit without measurement and trim without patterns, I imagined all sorts of strange adventures for my brother, in which every thing conceivable figured, pistols and coffee, etc., etc.; in short, every thing except love. That could never have befallen him, or I should have heard of it. True, John had been away from us for at least five years, and during a large portion of that time we had scarcely heard from him. Still, had he been through any love affair, we should certainly have known it; and then, again, John wasn't the kind of a man to fall in love, anyway. He had always been extremely reserved in society, invariably preferring companionship of his own sex, much to my discomfiture, who had made at least half a dozen splendid matches for him.

In the midst of my reverie the coachman appeared, saying, "This is the house, madam;" and I found that I had rolled into a quiet, clean street, and had stopped before a plain two-story frame house, bearing the number I was in search of. A wholesome, motherly-looking woman opened the door, and in answer to my call for Mrs. Andrews directed me up stairs to the "second story, front," and there I found her. I wish I could give you even a slight idea of the figure that greeted my eyes as I entered the room. She was about medium height, with a slender, graceful—wondrously graceful—figure. I thought then, and I say now, that she was the most beautiful woman I ever beheld. Such exceeding symmetry of face and form is hardly met with more than once in a lifetime. It is no use to attempt a description. Her eyes were dark blue, veiled by long, sweeping lashes, adding to the look of patient sadness expressed by every feature. She looked about twenty, though I found afterward that she was something older than this.

"Mrs. Andrews?" said I, interrogatively, as she opened the door to my knock.

"Mrs. Andrews," she answered, with a smile—a smile so sweet and rare that I could have caught her in my arms and kissed her without further parley.

"The dress-maker?" I asked again, coloring to the roots of my hair without the least reason in the world.

"Mrs. Andrews, the dress-maker," she replied, with dignity, the smile fading from her face. "Can I do any thing for you?"

In five minutes more I had explained my business, and waited to see what she would say.

"I have engagements for all this week," she said, in low, sweet tones, glancing at her memorandum-book. "And then, again, Mrs. Sinclair, I never go out. My work is all brought to me here, and when it is finished, my customers"—here she turned her head, and looked out of the window for a second—"my customers"—this time more decidedly—"send for it."

"You do not mean to say that you never go out-of-doors?" I inquired, with a shudder. Some way the idea of this lovely woman forever shut up with her work in this lonely street was more than I could bear.

"Oh no," she answered, smiling again, very much to my delight; "I only mean that I never go out to work."

"Have you any especial reasons for this?" was my next query. "Do you not find it equally remunerative?"

"Oh, it is not that," she replied, quickly; "but I have a little baby girl, not quite two years old, whom I find it impossible to leave."

"But that will make no difference to me," I interrupted, warmly. "I think I should quite enjoy having your little one with us. She will be company for my baby; and, my dear little woman, I really believe the change would be good for you both. I think I can safely promise not to overwork you."

Delicate, sweet, lady-like as she was, kind words were evidently strangers to her ears; for, after a moment's silence, she said, with a choking sob she vainly endeavored to hide,

"You are very good to me: we will come next Monday morning."

That was all—every word. I never so longed for power to express my sympathy and desire to be of service as at that moment, but all I could do was to press her hand warmly, and promise to send the carriage for her. How valueless words are at such times!

John was home before me. Great, lazy fellow! he had nothing to do but look out a little for the property he had amassed. He had made heaps of money, invested it wisely, and the result was not only physical inactivity, but a morbid mental condition which seemed to me, as in my love I watched him more closely than any one else, developing into a marked and disagreeable avoidance of all society. He rode alone, walked alone, sat in his room and read and studied and smoked alone. He let me in, however, at all times, and seemed desirous of making me happy. My husband at this time was abroad, so I suppose he felt some obligation concerning me.

As usual, I found him on the library lounge, reading.

"Oh, John!" said I, "I have lots to tell you. Guess where I have been, and what I have found! Oh, such an adventure as I have had!"

"Adventure?" he repeated, with a laugh. "Adventure? why, bless your heart, little sister, women are always having adventures. Don't ask me to bother my brain about such a commonplace subject."

"But guess where I have been."

"Shopping, of course. What did you buy me, Kate?"

"I haven't been shopping at all," I answered. "Don't you remembe' what we were talking about this morning?"

"Oh yes," said he, "I remember. You said you couldn't put it off another day; and now I suppose you have been cut and fitted in a truly Parisian manner, and will outdo and overwhelm every lady of your acquaintance."

"That's as much as you know," I interrupted, wrathfully. "I have found a dress-maker, John, just the sweetest, cunningest—I'll tell you all about it—" And while I stopped a second to take breath he broke in, almost harshly,

"The dress-maker you spoke of before you went out? Is her name—"

"Andrews—Mrs. Andrews," I suggested, in my enthusiasm quite forgetful of his horror of the name.

"And she is coming here?" he continued.

"Yes, next Monday."

"Well, now, Kate," said he, while his eyes looked straight into mine, "I never want to be compelled to meet man, woman, or child by that name. So you will please bear in mind that while that woman is an inmate of this house I shall take my meals in my own room, or after you have finished."

"But, John," I entreated, "have you ever seen this woman? Can it be that any reason for this aversion has its origin in her?"

"Good Heavens! no. What possible connection do you suppose could ever have existed between your dress-maker and myself? I thought you had some sense, Kate. It was a *man* who made me a monomaniac on this subject, so don't ask any more questions."

I *didn't* ask any more questions; and what was more, I firmly decided that my brother and his freaks were quite beneath my notice. But I did make ready for my dress-maker, dedicating to her use as pleasant a room as I had in the house—one that I knew she would enjoy herself in when her day's work was done, and she had time to fold her baby to her heart and rock her to sleep, as I did mine, in the dim, beautiful twilight.

Monday morning came, and with it Mrs. Andrews and the little one, the last a golden-haired, bright-faced sylph of a child, just a miniature copy of her mother. Day after day passed; and, vexed as I was with John, couldn't help enjoying and laughing heartily at the comical situations he not infrequently found himself in. It seemed to me that his principal business consisted in dodging this poor inoffensive little Mrs. Andrews. She knew I had a brother, who was a sort of an "odd stick" (I had told her that); and after the first day or two gave up wondering why he did not come to the table. I know it bothered her at first, although she had too much good sense to put her thought into words. She was a strange woman to manage. That she appreciated my kindness was very evident; but no argument that I could use was sufficient to induce her to sit with me of an evening in the parlor or library. She was my *dress-maker*—*that* she was very anxious to impress upon my mind, much to my annoyance. The only way I could ever get her to ride with me was to invent some excuse for shopping, and instruct the coachman to drive to the Park afterward. At such times, although certain she was made happy by the change, yet there seemed to be always something oppressing her. Once I said, pushing her gently back among the cushions, "I wish you would try and enjoy this, and get all the good out of it you possibly can. See what a good time little Maude is having." (That was her baby's name.)

"I *do* enjoy it, my dear Mrs. Sinclair," she replied, very sweetly. "At the same time I do not like to feel that I am neglecting your work."

The atmosphere of reserve with which she surrounded herself was as impenetrable as it was incomprehensible. Her language was choice and cultured, but she seemed to keep double guard over herself lest she should be betrayed into a conversation on other subjects than dress-making. One evening as I approached her room, intending to sit with her a while, I heard her voice, at first I thought in prayer, but after a second I stood spell-bound, as she recited, in tones I shall never forget, the following:

"I think we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of ours. Had we no hope,
Indeed, beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yonder gray blank sky, we might grow faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls; but since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop
For a few days consumed in loss and taint?
O pusillanimous heart, be comforted,
And like a cheerful traveler take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints? At least it may be said,
Because the way is *short*, I thank thee, God!"

I went back to my room and had a good cry.

Before I had half finished a servant entered, saying,

"Mr. John wants to see you in the library, if you please." So down I went, mopping my eyes at every step, and presenting myself to my astonished brother with a face swollen and red with weeping—an extremely unusual thing for me.

"Why, Kate, my dear child, what is the matter?"

You see, John could be very brotherly and fatherly, and all that sort of thing, when he took a notion.

"Do you really want me to tell you?" I sobbed.

"Why, of course I do, you foolish baby!" And the dear fellow pulled me on to his knee, and kissed me as tenderly as if I *had* been really the infant he called me.

"You never have let me speak of her," I continued, burying my head in his neck.

"Who is her?" he asked, wonderingly.

"My dress-maker, you know. I—I—" And I was going on, when he interrupted me with,

"I knew you would have trouble with her sooner or later. You were bound to. Any body with that name—" And as true as I live my brother shuddered so that I felt myself growing chilly too from mere sympathy.

"Oh, it isn't at all what you think," I managed to say; and after a good many attempts I made him understand the situation. What was my astonishment to hear him say,

"Poor little dress-maker! She has probably had some great trouble. I am glad you have been kind to her. If my life is spared till to-morrow morning I will let you introduce me at breakfast."

What was the reason, do you think, that I never loved my brother in all my life as I did at that moment? and the great, big, shaggy fellow knew it too; for he kissed me over and over again, telling me all the while what a good little woman I was, and that he was just as ashamed of himself as he could be. After a while he got at the business about which he wished to consult me. He wanted me to look over a big box of his papers, selecting all those bearing a certain name and date. "There is nothing private about them," he said; "but I can not bear to touch them, and it will help me. I shall be so relieved."

My answer was to order the box sent to my room immediately. After this I ventured to call upon Mrs. Andrews.

"Just come here," said I, by way of introduction, "and see what a job my brother has given me;" and I led her to the box. "I believe I will let you help me to-morrow."

"Why not to-night?" she asked. "Perhaps he is in a hurry for them. Truly I do not feel in the least sleepy."

Neither did I; so at it we went.

"And is this man your brother?" she inquired, holding up a bill, and giving me a look I shall never forget to my dying day—"John Bittinger?"

"That's his name," I answered, frightened half out of my wits. "But why do you ask?"

"The name is very familiar," she explained, in a quiet voice, and then bent over her task, determined upon guarding her secret with her life if necessary.

Such a pale, set, earnest, *wretched* face I never looked at before or since. I took no notice, for, you see, a glimmering of the truth had dawned upon me, and, although eager to know, I could afford to wait.

Fifteen minutes, I think, passed in perfect silence, our hands busy all the time unfolding and sorting anew.

"What in the world is this, do you suppose? Here is a letter, a love-letter—it can't be that John Bittinger ever wrote a love-letter—directed to Miss Maude Fanning. Isn't this funny? Here is the way it begins: 'My own darling.' Oh, isn't this fun—"

"Stop, Mrs. Sinclair!" said my companion, taking the letter from my hands and holding it close to her heart. "That is *my* letter, and I claim the right to read it, and *alone*." And without waiting for another word, she turned away and walked like a queen into her own apartment.

I sat like one spell-bound until she returned to my room.

"Where is your brother?" she said.

"Down stairs in the library," I answered.

"Take me to him," was the next sentence she uttered.

John lay just where I had left him on the lounge. With a sigh, which was almost a groan, she walked to his side, and said, "*John, I have just received your letter.*"

If you could have seen him then, you would have thought just as I did, that the fellow was going mad. He cleared that sofa with one bound; and the next thing I knew my dress-maker was in John Bittinger's arms.

What did it all mean? you ask.

Only this, that my brother was formerly in partnership with a Mr. Andrews. This Mr. Andrews was desperately in love with the lady John was engaged to. He succeeded in parting the lovers, this very letter figuring conspicuously in the separation. This John (who, it seems, up to the time must have had entire confidence in him) placed with others to mail upon his desk. Andrews must have withdrawn it—not being able just then to destroy—and mixed with other papers. This letter explained the whole situation, which Andrews had been for some time shrouding in mystery. At any rate, he made trouble enough; and my dress-maker married the wrong man, and the wrong man drank up all his money and died.

She is John's wife now, and I am happy, for they both love me.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The arrival of Professor Agassiz at San Francisco, on the *Hassler*, was made the occasion of a formal reception by the San Francisco Academy of Sciences on the 2d of September. An address was made by the professor, in which he called attention to the importance to the best interests of the country of such establishments as the Academy of Sciences, and expressed the earnest hope that California would imitate in some measure the action of Massachusetts in its patronage of learning. He referred to the fact that twenty-five years ago, when he went to Cambridge, there was not a single specimen in the university to illustrate his lectures, and that a museum was then started on a small scale, which had now become one of the most magnificent and extensive in the world. The immense progress made by California, and especially by San Francisco, in all material interests, he considered to be an earnest of what might be accomplished in the line of literature and science; and he hoped the members of the academy would put their shoulders to the wheel, and not be disheartened by the apparent neglect of such interests on the part of others, assuring them that it depended upon themselves to cause the present state of things to be remedied.

Professor D. C. Gilman, late of Yale College, and recently elected president of the California University, made some remarks, welcoming the professor, and expressing the hope that the future of the university and of the scientific institutions of the State would be a brilliant one.

Professor O. Torrey was also present, and took part in the exercises of the evening. At the suggestion of Professor Davidson, of the Coast Survey, Professor Agassiz also gave a brief statement of the scientific results of the *Hassler* expedition, in which it was stated that during the 269 days of the voyage they had packed and sent home 243 boxes and barrels of specimens (nearly a barrel a day), the contents of each one of which would fill a handsome case, and the whole in such quantity that the trustees of the college would be obliged to put up additional buildings for their accommodation. While it was impossible to give minute details, he mentioned that the fishes collected amounted to over 20,000 specimens, and of all kinds over 100,000 specimens. These had required the use of 3000 gallons of alcohol for their preservation.

The New York *Herald* has lately received a dispatch from Bombay announcing the arrival at Zanzibar of a communication from Dr. Livingstone, dated July 2, 1872. He was then in good health, and waiting at Unyanyembe for the arrival of Mr. Stanley's second American relief expedition. Mr. Stanley had previously received a letter from Zanzibar informing him that a party which left Unyanyembe on the 2d of June had met the American expedition on the 6th of July about half-way from the coast, and within about twenty-five days of Dr. Livingstone; so that, in all probability, by the 1st of August his supplies and letters, as well as the additional force, had reached the explorer. It was the doctor's intention, according to Mr. Stanley, to remain at Unyanyembe ten days after getting his supplies, and then to pursue his journey; and within twenty days from that time he expected to be near Mrera, in Central Uconongo.

We have already referred in the *Weekly* to the discovery of the true shad in the Washita River, near Hot Springs, Arkansas, and are now enabled to furnish some additional information, received from Dr. George W. Lawrence, of that place, who, as early as 1869, called the attention of naturalists to the fact. Shortly after the erection of a mill-dam near the upper waters of the river, in 1858, a fish-trap was put down for the purpose of taking fish for the Hot Springs establishment, and, to the surprise of those who had been familiar with the shad on the Atlantic coast, five fine shad were procured in April, 1861, among a lot of black bass and other fish. Every year since that time shad have been taken, and a large increase occurred in 1872, the first capture of the season being made on the 5th of April. The shad continued running until the 12th of May, wagon-loads of them having been taken during the season. Mr. Lawrence considers the Washita eminently fitted for the existence of shad, and anticipates the time when other streams in the State will also be stocked. The locality where the fish were captured is estimated as 1000 miles from the mouth of the Mississippi River; it is in about 34° north latitude. The waters of this stream are discharged first into the Red River, then into the Black River, and finally into the Mississippi.

Mr. Lawrence also gives the authority of Captain Charles B. Church, of Memphis, for the statement that fine specimens of true shad were taken at the falls of the Ohio River, between New Albany, Indiana, and Louisville, Kentucky, about 1834—a distance of about 1400 miles from the mouth of the Mississippi. These facts furnish a very favorable augury for the success of the experiment of stocking the Mississippi in accordance with the design of the appropriation for that purpose made by Congress at its last session. To this end several millions of young shad have already been introduced, under the direction of the United States Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries, by Messrs. William Clift and Seth Green, the distribution extending from the Alleghany River, in New York, to the Platte, in Colorado.

A very interesting invention by Rev. Malling Hansen, superintendent of the Royal Deaf and Dumb Institution at Copenhagen, has recently been announced, which promises to be of extensive practical application. The original object was to furnish an apparatus by which the blind may be enabled to write or print; but as constructed it is of general application, and promises to be useful for writing or copying with rapidity, far exceeding that of ordinary writing, and rivaling stenography. The leading idea of this apparatus consists in the arrangement of type on a hemispherical surface, with a sheet of paper stretched upon a drum revolving slowly beneath it. The type is impressed on the lower surface of a rod, and the upper surface has a button to receive the impact of the finger. By a little experience it becomes possible to strike the type corresponding to the letters with such rapidity and precision upon the revolving cylinder as to reproduce in print any particular word or sentence almost as rapidly as read or uttered. A sheet of carbonized paper is interposed between the type and cylinder, as in the ordinary printing telegraph, a legible letter being transferred on each impact.

The apparatus is too complicated to be fully understood without an engraving, but it is now in the process of manufacture in Great Britain, and can be seen in operation at the office of the patentee. The limit of the most rapid writing with pen and ink is given at four letters per second, ordinary quick writing not exceeding two, while ordinary speech attains the rate of nine to ten letters per second, and quick speech from fifteen to twenty. With practice a speed of ten to twelve letters per second has already been reached by this instrument, and it is possible that with training, and perhaps with some further modification of the apparatus, a still greater quickness can be accomplished.

Some time ago we referred to the manufacture of water-pipes in America from strips of wood. Mr. J. Ch. Leye, in Westphalia, has recently laid before a meeting of experts in Vienna specimens of pipe not only for conducting water, but for gas, telegraph wires, brine and other metal-corroding liquids, speaking-tubes, etc.—all made of paper.

The Swedish North Polar Expedition, under Professor Nordenskjöld, after various delays, left Tromsöe in the iron steamer *Polhem* on the 21st of July. The professor is accompanied by two medical men, a naturalist, an Italian naval officer, a first mate, two engineers, ten picked seamen, and four Lapps for attending the reindeer, from forty to fifty of which, with 3000 sacks of reindeer moss, and other necessaries for wintering in the arctic regions, have been taken by another (hired) steamer, the *Onkel Adam*, to the intended winter-quarters. The Swedish government has placed the brig *Gladan* at the professor's disposal till the beginning of winter. This vessel has likewise started from Tromsöe, having on board the house in which the party is to winter in the Seven Isles; she will return to Tromsöe, and thence take back a second cargo consisting of coals.

The expedition is farther furnished with 1545 pounds of photogen, which is to serve as lighting and cooking material on the sledge journey. The house contains six living-rooms (one of which is to be used as a workshop), in addition to a kitchen, pantry, bath-room, and frost-proof cellar. The expedition has also taken from Stockholm three "observation sheds." It is amply provisioned for two years, and well supplied with warm winter clothes, including complete suits of Lappish clothing for every person in the expedition. On the sledge journey, among other things, concentrated rum, photogen compressed into cakes, sleeping-bags, tents of tarpaulin, and a large sleeping-carpet will be taken. Three boats, weighing respectively 300, 200, and 150 pounds, and specially adapted for ice traveling, with sledges, had been shipped at Copenhagen. To assist the Laplanders in the management and supervision of the reindeer, they have with them five reindeer dogs. Three live pigs also form part of the provisions. The expedition is well provided with the necessary scientific instruments.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Politics, considered as the science of government, is an important subject, and should be included in every thorough course of education; but it is most unfortunate when young boys gain an untimely knowledge of party management and mere political trickery by crowding into political assemblages and tramping about in torch-light processions. The exciting and even the serious matters of politics have bad effects, too often, upon the conduct and temper of men. Up to a proper age parents should guard their young sons from these evils, and from the multitudinous dangers attendant upon all promiscuous evening gatherings in the streets. Accidents frequently occur, as recently in Brooklyn, where, at a political meeting, by the fall of a temporary staging several boys were seriously injured, and three or four killed; but the most serious danger arises from the evil influences to which boys out late at night are constantly exposed. The bad habits they acquire at such times are manifold, and often prove their ruin. And thus political campaigns educate a class of vicious citizens. If the home is made pleasant and attractive to the young folks, if appropriate amusement and recreation are provided, if there is *freedom* in the home-life, and a sympathetic interchange of thought and feeling between parent and child, no special restraint will be necessary to keep boys away from unsuitable evening gatherings.

An American Committee of Revisers of the English Scriptures, in co-operation with the British Committee of Revision, was recently organized at the Bible House in this city, and work has been commenced. The leading denominations and literary institutions of the country were represented at the meeting, permanent officers chosen, and the committee divided into two companies—one for the Old and the other for the New Testament. Monthly meetings will be held at the Bible House.

The "postal card" provided for by the new law will be issued exclusively by the Post-office Department, and sold through postmasters. No others will be recognized.

The Shah of Persia will visit Europe next spring. According to the London *Telegraph* no monarch of the Persians has visited Europe for two thousand three hundred and fifty-two years. The visit will be a novelty.

Few men have the rare good sense to understand when, in any public service, *enough* has been said, when a word more would spoil the effect of what had gone before. This gift the Rev. Dr. Buddington evidently possesses. He was present at the Historical Meeting held in connection with the "Silver Wedding Festival" of Plymouth Church, and was expected to address the meeting. Well known as an eloquent preacher, every one anticipated great pleasure in hearing him. But the closing remarks of Dr. Storrs to Mr. Beecher, and the affecting scene in connection—the touching words, the warm hand-clasp, the impulsive embrace of the two brother ministers—overwhelmed the entire audience with one great wave of emotion. It was a fitting conclusion to the services, and every one so felt it. And when Dr. Buddington rose and begged to be excused, saying that there was nothing more to be said that night, but the exercises should there terminate, the heart of every one approved. Never did the reverend minister make a more effective speech than those few words—appropriate, appreciative, graceful, and sympathetic. A man of less tact and less good sense would have felt that the announced programme must be followed out in any event.

The St. Louis *Globe* is responsible for a very good dog story:

A small darky, with an armful of eight-day-old pups, accosted a gentleman on Pine Street a few days ago with the query,

"Want any pups dis mornin'?"

"What are they, Grant or Greeley pups?"

At a venture the young fancier responded, "Greeley."

"I don't want them."

A day or two later the boy made another attempt, and was asked the same question, to which he replied, "Grant pups."

"Why, you little rascal, didn't you offer the same pups to me a few days ago as Greeley pups?"

"Dat's so, but dey's done got their eyes open since."

Condensed statements, whether of sermons, speeches, or laws, or of passing events of whatever nature, are peculiarly liable to be incorrect in some detail. This often results from the necessary brevity of items, or because some fact or incident stated bears a special relation to another which is not stated. An item recently appeared in this column, taken from an apparently reliable condensation of the new postal code. Having ascertained from an examination of the code itself that it was not altogether correct, we now give to our readers the official statement regarding certain postal regulations, taken from the *United States Mail*. Of course our limits forbid more than a brief abstract of the rules which would be most commonly needed; the entire postal code is a voluminous document.

By law all mailable matter is divided into three classes: first, letters; second, regular printed matter; third, miscellaneous matter. The first class embraces all correspondence wholly or partly in writing, except *book* manuscripts and corrected proof-sheets passing between authors and publishers. The second class embraces all matter exclusively in print and regularly issued at stated periods from a known office of publication, without addition by writing, mark, or sign. The third class embraces all pamphlets, occasional publications, transient newspapers, magazines, hand-bills, posters, unsealed circulars, prospectuses, books, book manuscripts, proof-sheets, corrected proof-sheets, maps, prints, engravings, blanks, flexible patterns, samples of merchandise not exceeding twelve ounces in weight, sample cards, phonographic paper, letter envelopes, postal envelopes, and wrappers, cards, plain and ornamental paper, photographic representations of different types, seeds, cuttings, bulbs, roots, scions, and all other matter which may be declared mailable by law, and all other articles not above the weight prescribed by law, which are not from their form or nature liable to destroy, deface, or otherwise injure the contents of the mail bag, or the person of any one engaged in the postal service. All liquids, poisons, glass, explosive materials, and obscene books shall be excluded from the mails. All matter of the third class, excepting books and other printed matter, book manuscripts, proof-sheets, and corrected proof-sheets, shall not exceed twelve ounces in weight, and all matter of the third class shall be subject to examination. As regards the rates charged it may be stated in general that letter postage is charged on all mail matter which is wholly or partly in writing, except book manuscripts and corrected proofs passing between authors and publishers, and local or drop letters; on all printed matter which is so marked as to convey any other or further information than is conveyed by the original print, except the correction of mere typographical errors; on all matter which is sent in violation of law respecting inclosures; and on all matter to which no specific rate of postage is assigned. Manuscripts for publication in newspapers, magazines, or periodicals are subject to letter postage. The rate of postage on mailable matter of the third class is one cent for each two ounces or fraction thereof, except for books, samples of metals, ores, minerals, and merchandise, which are to be charged two cents for each two ounces or fraction thereof. No package weighing more than four pounds shall be received for conveyance by mail, except books published or circulated by order of Congress.

It was "better than a play" what John Kemble did one night when performing a favorite part in a country theatre. He had been interrupted from time to time by the crying of a child in the gallery. At length, angered by this rival performance, Kemble walked with solemn step to the foot-lights, and addressing the audience in his most tragic tones, said, "Ladies and gentlemen, unless the play is stopped the child can not possibly go on."

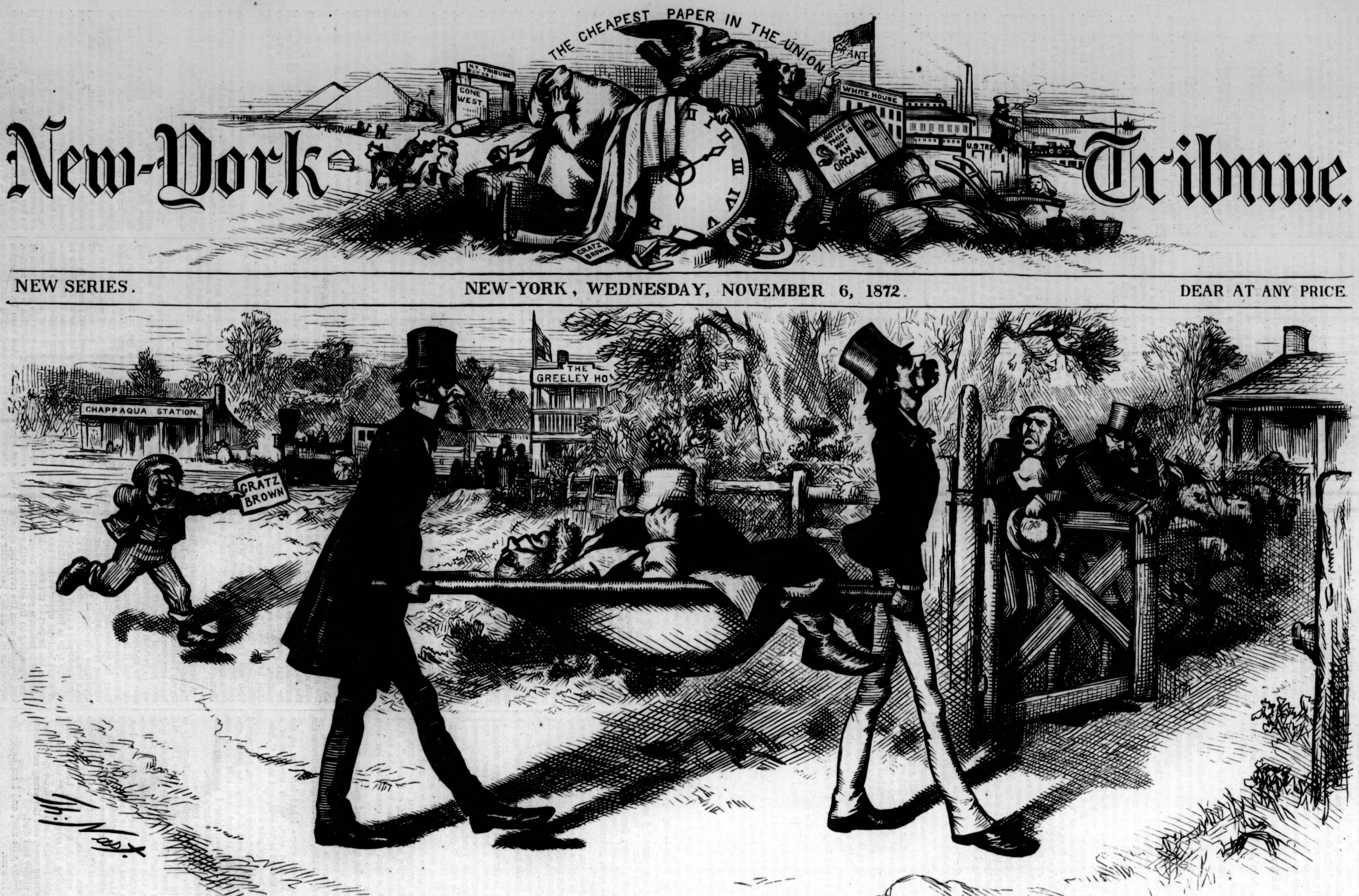
A foreign exchange states that there is an eligible island in the Mediterranean Sea, near Toulon, for sale for the trifling sum of 600,000 francs. Immediate possession promised.

In 1860 Miss Emily Faithfull, who is now in America, organized the Victoria Press, a printing establishment in which only women are employed as compositors. The undertaking met the approbation of Queen Victoria, and is now the means of finding employment for a large number of women. Miss Faithfull is also the editress of the *Victoria Magazine*, and is favorably known through the United Kingdom as an agreeable lecturer.

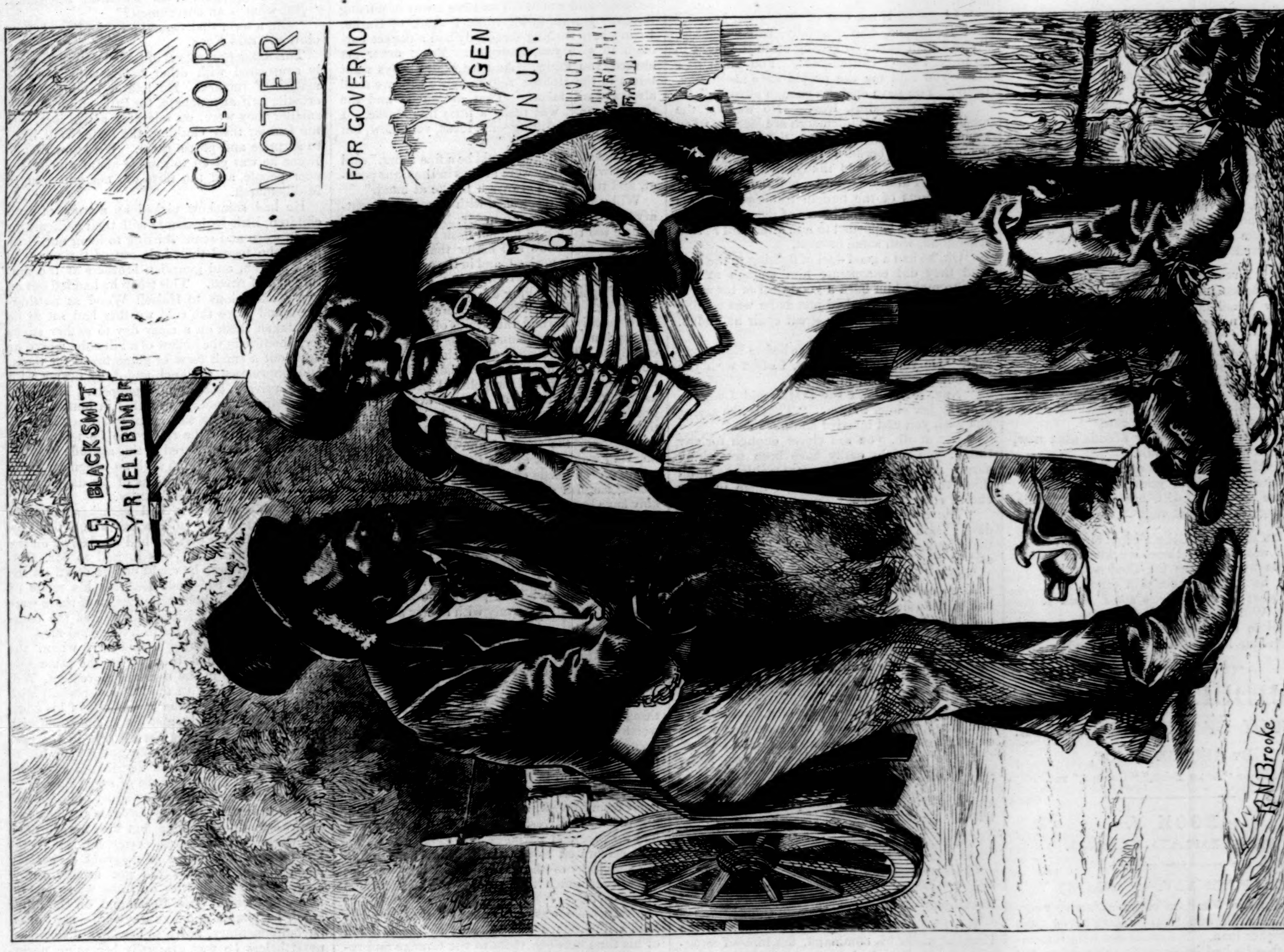
The Pope's successor is said to have been actually selected. He is Cardinal Antonio Maria Panebianca, is a Sicilian sixty-four years old, and he not only belongs to the order of the Jesuits, but is said to have made a vow that he will restore that order to its former greatness.

During the recent commemorative exercises at Plymouth Church a letter was read written many years ago by the father of Henry Ward Beecher. In it the elder Beecher said: "In Indianapolis Henry may some day make his mark, but in the vicinity of New York he will be entirely lost sight of and eclipsed by hundreds of abler men." Dr. Beecher was mistaken.

The Omaha *Bee* contains an account of an act of heroism performed by Edward Malony, a boy of twelve years, who has only one arm. While walking on the river-bank he heard cries for help from a boy who was bathing, and sprang into the water. Not being able to hold the drowning boy with one arm and swim, he let go his hold, and turning over on his back, swam to the shore with the boy on his breast. This heroic deed awakened so much sympathy and admiration that a subscription was started, and an artificial arm purchased for young Malony. Photographs of him have also been taken, and are being sold in the hope of raising money enough to educate the lad. The pictures are twenty-five cents each, and have an autograph of the boy, written with his left hand. The Omaha National Bank will be the depository of funds received through H. W. Riley, secretary of the fund.



"WE ARE ON THE HOME STRETCH."—*New York Tribune*, October 9, 1872.



CANVASSING FOR VOTES.

PREPARING FOR SCHOOL.

VIRGINIA SKETCHES.

BESSIE AND THE SQUIRE'S SON.

BESSIE was fair as fair could be,
With a smile for every one,
And many there were who knew full well
She would marry the squire's son.
The squire's son was rich and proud,
But to Bessie he bent his knee:
The village gossips the story told,
And my heart was sad. Ah me!

But I worked away at my blacksmith's trade,
Lest thinking should make me mad;
And the squire himself drove up one day—
"Come, work with a will, my lad;
For Bessie, the village belle, will ride
On the horse I now want shod,
And my son shall her happy escort be."
I answered him with a nod.

Ah, well! I remembered many a time
When Bessie had walked with me,
And how I had hoped that some bright day
We could nearer each other be.
But I did my work, and when day was done
I turned on my homeward way,
Wondering what the young squire had said
To Bess as they rode that day.

The shadows grew long, and longer still,
As I neared a low-barred gate,
Where, when we were better friends than now,
Bessie for me would wait.
And thinking of that, my eyes I raised,
And the dusky hour grew bright,
For there she stood, with her own dear smile,
Waiting for me that night.

The stars above, and the sleepy birds,
Were watching us there, we knew;
But little we cared, as the shadows rolled
From hearts that were still found true.
"And what of the squire's son?" said I.
"Ah, Will, did you quite believe
That Bessie would give her hand to one
Whom her heart could not receive?"

MIDDLEMARCH:

A STUDY OF PROVINCIAL LIFE.

By GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "ROMOLA," ETC.

BOOK V.

THE DEAD HAND.

CHAPTER XLV.—(*Continued.*)

LYDGATE took Mr. Farebrother's hints very cordially, though he would hardly have borne them from another man. He could not help remembering that he had lately made some debts, but these had seemed inevitable, and he had no intention now to do more than keep house in a simple way. The furniture for which he owed would not want renewing; nor even the stock of wine for a long while.

Many thoughts cheered him at that time—and justly. A man conscious of enthusiasm for worthy aims is sustained under petty hostilities by the memory of great workers who had to fight their way not without wounds, and who hover in his mind as patron saints, invisibly helping. At home, that same evening when he had been chatting with Mr. Farebrother, he had his long legs stretched on the sofa, his head thrown back, and his hands clasped behind it according to his favorite ruminating attitude, while Rosamond sat at the piano, and played one tune after another, of which her husband only knew (like the emotional elephant he was!) that they fell in with his mood as if they had been melodious sea-breezes.

There was something very fine in Lydgate's look just then, and any one might have been encouraged to bet on his achievement. In his dark eyes and on his mouth and brow there was that placidity which comes from the fullness of contemplative thought—the mind not searching, but beholding, and the glance seeming to be filled with what is behind it.

Presently Rosamond left the piano and seated herself on a chair close to the sofa and opposite her husband's face.

"Is that enough music for you, my lord?" she said, folding her hands before her and putting on a little air of meekness.

"Yes, dear, if you are tired," said Lydgate, gently, turning his eyes and resting them on her, but not otherwise moving. Rosamond's presence at that moment was perhaps no more than a spoonful brought to the lake, and her woman's instinct in this matter was not dull.

"What is absorbing you?" she said, leaning forward and bringing her face nearer to his.

He moved his hands and placed them gently behind her shoulders.

"I am thinking of a great fellow who was about as old as I am three hundred years ago, and had already begun a new era in anatomy."

"I can't guess," said Rosamond, shaking her head. "We used to play at guessing historical characters at Mrs. Lemon's, but not anatomists."

"I'll tell you. His name was Vesalius. And the only way he could get to know anatomy as he did was by going to snatch bodies at night from grave-yards and places of execution."

"Oh!" said Rosamond, with a look of disgust in her pretty face; "I am very glad you are not Vesalius. I should have thought he might find some less horrible way than that."

"No, he couldn't," said Lydgate, going on too earnestly to take much notice of her answer. "He could only get a complete skeleton by snatching the whitened bones of a criminal from the gallows, and burying them, and fetching them away by bits secretly in the dead of night."

"I hope he is not one of your great heroes," said Rosamond, half playfully, half anxiously, "else I shall have you getting up in the night to go to St. Peter's church-yard. You know how angry you told me the people were about Mrs. Goby. You have enemies enough already."

"So had Vesalius, Rosy. No wonder the medical fogies in Middlemarch are jealous, when some of the greatest doctors living were fierce upon Vesalius because they had believed in Galen, and he showed that Galen was wrong. They called him a liar and a poisonous monster. But the facts of the human frame were on his side, and so he got the better of them."

"And what happened to him afterward?" said Rosamond, with some interest.

"Oh, he had a good deal of fighting to the last. And they did exasperate him enough at one time to make him burn a good deal of his work. Then he got shipwrecked just as he was coming from Jerusalem to take a great chair at Padua. He died rather miserably."

There was a moment's pause before Rosamond said, "Do you know, Tertius, I often wish you had not been a medical man."

"Nay, Rosy, don't say that," said Lydgate, drawing her closer to him. "That is like saying you wish you had married another man."

"Not at all, you are clever enough for any thing: you might easily have been something else. And your cousins at Quallingham all think that you have sunk below them in your choice of a profession."

"The cousins at Quallingham may go to the devil!" said Lydgate, with scorn. "It was like their impudence if they said any thing of the sort to you."

"Still," said Rosamond, "I do *not* think it is a nice profession, dear." We know that she had much quiet perseverance in her opinion.

"It is the grandest profession in the world, Rosamond," said Lydgate, gravely. "And to say that you love me without loving the medical man in me is like saying that you like eating a peach, but don't like its flavor. Don't say it again, dear; it pains me."

"Very well, Doctor Grave-face," said Rosy, dimpling; "I will declare in future that I dote on skeletons, and body-snatchers, and bits of things in phials, and quarrels with every body, that end in your dying miserably."

"No, no; not so bad as that," said Lydgate, giving up remonstrance and petting her resignedly.

CHAPTER XLVI.

"Pues no podemos haber aquello que queremos, queramos aquello que podremos."
"Since we can not get what we like, let us like what we can get."—*Spanish Proverb.*

WHILE Lydgate, safely married and with the Hospital under his command, felt himself struggling for Medical Reform against Middlemarch, Middlemarch was becoming more and more conscious of the national struggle for another kind of Reform.

By the time that Lord John Russell's measure was being debated in the House of Commons there was a new political animation in Middlemarch, and a new definition of parties which might show a decided change of balance if a new election came. And there were some who already predicted this event, declaring that a Reform Bill would never be carried by the actual Parliament. This was what Will Ladislaw dwelt on to Mr. Brooke as a reason for congratulation that he had not yet tried his strength at the hustings.

"Things will grow and ripen as if it were a comet year," said Will. "The public temper will soon get to a cometary heat, now the question of Reform has set in. There is likely to be another election before long, and by that time Middlemarch will have got more ideas into its head. What we have to work at now is the *Pioneer* and political meetings."

"Quite right, Ladislaw; we shall make a new thing of opinion here," said Mr. Brooke. "Only I want to keep myself independent about Reform, you know: I don't want to go too far. I want to take up Wilberforce's and Romilly's line, you know, and work at Negro Emancipation, Criminal Law—that kind of thing. But of course I should support Grey."

"If you go in for the principle of Reform, you must be prepared to take what the situation offers," said Will. "If every body pulled for his own bit against every body else, the whole question would go to tatters."

"Yes, yes, I agree with you—I quite take that point of view. I should put it in that light. I should support Grey, you know. But I don't want to change the balance of the constitution, and I don't think Grey would."

"But that is what the country wants," said Will. "Else there would be no meaning in political unions or any other movement that knows what it's about. It wants to have a House of Commons which is not weighted with nominees of the landed class, but with representatives of the other interests. And as to contending for a reform short of that, it is like asking for a bit of an avalanche which has already begun to thunder."

"That is fine, Ladislaw: that is the way to put it. Write that down, now. We must begin to get documents about the feeling of the country, as well as the machine-breaking and general distress."

"As to documents," said Will, "a two-inch card will hold plenty. A few rows of figures are enough to deduce misery from, and a few more will show the rate at which the political determination of the people is growing."

"Good: draw that out a little more at length, Ladislaw. That is an idea, now: write it out in the *Pioneer*. Put the figures and deduce the misery, you know; and put the other figures and deduce—and so on. You have a way of putting things. Burke, now: when I think of Burke, I can't help wishing somebody had a pocket borough to give you, Ladislaw. You'd never get elected, you know. And we shall always want talent in the House: reform as we will, we shall always want talent. That avalanche and the thunder, now, was really a little like Burke. I want that sort of thing—not ideas, you know, but a way of putting them."

"Pocket boroughs would be a fine thing," said Ladislaw, "if they were always in the right pocket, and there were always a Burke at hand."

Will was not displeased with that complimentary comparison, even from Mr. Brooke; for it is a little too trying to human flesh to be conscious of expressing one's self better than others, and never to have it noticed, and in the general dearth of admiration for the right thing, even a chance bray of applause falling exactly in time is rather fortifying. Will felt that his literary refinements were usually beyond the limits of Middlemarch perception; nevertheless, he was beginning thoroughly to like the work of which when he began he had said to himself rather languidly, "Why not?" and he studied the political situation with as ardent an interest as he had ever given to poetic metres or medievalism. It is undeniable that but for the desire to be where Dorothea was, and perhaps the want of knowing what else to do, Will would not at this time have been meditating on the needs of the English people or criticising English statesmanship. He would probably have been rambling in Italy, sketching plans for several dramas, trying prose and finding it too jejune, trying verse and finding it too artificial, beginning to copy "bits" from old pictures, leaving off because they were "no good," and observing that, after all, self-culture was the principal point; while in politics he would have been sympathizing warmly with liberty and progress in general. Our sense of duty must often wait for some work which shall take the place of dilettanteism, and make us feel that the quality of our action is not a matter of indifference.

Ladislaw had now accepted his bit of work, though it was not that indeterminate loftiest thing which he had once dreamed of as alone worthy of continuous effort. His nature warmed easily in the presence of subjects which were visibly mixed with life and action, and the easily stirred rebellion in him helped the glow of public spirit. In spite of Mr. Casaubon and the banishment from Lowick, he was rather happy; getting a great deal of fresh knowledge in a vivid way and for practical purposes, and making the *Pioneer* celebrated as far as Brassing (never mind the smallness of the area; the writing was not worse than much that reaches the four corners of the earth).

Mr. Brooke was occasionally irritating; but Will's impatience was relieved by the division of his time between visits to the Grange and retreats to his Middlemarch lodgings, which gave variety to his life.

"Shift the pegs a little," he said to himself, "and Mr. Brooke might be in the cabinet, while I was Under-Secretary. That is the common order of things: the little waves make the large ones, and are of the same pattern. I am better here than in the sort of life Mr. Casaubon would have trained me for, where the doing would be all laid down by a precedent too rigid for me to react upon. I don't care for prestige or high pay."

As Lydgate had said of him, he was a sort of gypsy, rather enjoying the sense of belonging to no class; he had a feeling of romance in his position, and a pleasant consciousness of creating a little surprise wherever he went. That sort of enjoyment had been disturbed when he had felt some new distance between himself and Dorothea in their accidental meeting at Lydgate's, and his irritation had gone out toward Mr. Casaubon, who had declared beforehand that Will would lose caste. "I never had any caste," he would have said, if that prophecy had been uttered to him, and the quick blood would have come and gone like breath in his transparent skin. But it is one thing to like defiance, and another thing to like its consequences.

Meanwhile the town opinion about the new editor of the *Pioneer* was tending to confirm Mr. Casaubon's view. Will's relationship in that distinguished quarter did not, like Lydgate's high connections, serve as an advantageous introduction: if it was rumored that young Ladislaw was Mr. Casaubon's nephew or cousin, it was also rumored that "Mr. Casaubon would have nothing to do with him."

"Brooke has taken him up," said Mr. Hawley, "because that is what no man in his senses could have expected. Casaubon has devilish good reasons, you may be sure, for turning the cold shoulder on a young fellow whose bringing-up he paid for. Just like Brooke—one of those fellows who would praise a cat to sell a horse."

And some oddities of Will's, more or less poetical, appeared to support Mr. Keck, the editor of the *Trumpet*, in asserting that Ladislaw, if the truth were known, was not only a Polish emissary, but crack-brained, which accounted for the preternatural quickness and glibness of his speech when he got on to a platform—as he did whenever he had an opportunity, speaking with a facility which cast reflections on solid Englishmen generally. It was disgusting to Keck to see a strip of a fellow, with light curls round his head, get up and speechify by the hour against institutions "which had existed when he was in his cradle." And in a leading article of the *Trumpet* Keck characterized Ladislaw's speech at a Reform meeting as "the violence of an energumen—a miserable effort to shroud in the brilliancy of fire-works the daring of irresponsible statements and the poverty of a knowledge which was of the cheapest and most recent description."

"That was a rattling article yesterday, Keck," said Dr. Sprague, with sarcastic intentions. "But what is an energumen?"

"Oh, a term that came up in the French Revolution," said Keck.

This dangerous aspect of Ladislaw was strangely contrasted with other habits which became matter of remark. He had a fondness, half artistic, half affectionate, for little children—the smaller they were, on tolerably active legs, and the funnier their clothing, the better Will liked to surprise and please them. We know that in Rome he was given to ramble about among the poor people, and the taste did not quit him in Middlemarch.

He had somehow picked up a troop of droll children, little hatless boys with their galligaskins much worn and scant shirting to hang out, little girls who tossed their hair out of their eyes to look at him, and guardian brothers at the mature age of seven. This troop he had led out on gypsy excursions to Halsell Wood at nutting-time, and since the cold weather had set in he had taken them on a clear day to gather sticks for a bonfire in the hollow of a hill-side, where he drew out a small feast of gingerbread for them, and improvised a Punch-and-Judy drama with some private home-made puppets. Here was one oddity. Another was that in houses where he got friendly he was given to stretch himself at full length on the rug while he talked, and was apt to be discovered in this attitude by occasional callers, for whom such an irregularity was likely to confirm the notions of his dangerously mixed blood and general laxity.

But Will's articles and speeches naturally recommended him in families which the new strictness of party division had marked off on the side of Reform. He was invited to Mr. Bulstrode's; but here he could not lie down on the rug, and Mrs. Bulstrode felt that his mode of talking about Catholic countries, as if there were any truce with Antichrist, illustrated the usual tendency to unsoundness in intellectual men.

At Mr. Farebrother's, however, whom the irony of events had brought on the same side with Bulstrode in the national movement, Will became a favorite with the ladies, especially with little Miss Noble, whom it was one of his oddities to escort when he met her in the street with her little basket, giving her his arm in the eyes of the town, and insisting on going with her to pay some call where she distributed her small filchings from her own share of sweet things.

But the house where he visited oftenest and lay most on the rug was Lydgate's. The two men were not at all alike, but they agreed none the worse. Lydgate was abrupt but not irritable, taking little notice of megrims in healthy people; and Ladislaw did not usually throw away his susceptibilities on those who took no notice of them. With Rosamond, on the other hand, he pouted and was wayward—nay, often uncomplimentary, much to her inward surprise; nevertheless he was gradually becoming necessary to her entertainment by his companionship in her music, his varied talk, and his freedom from the grave preoccupation which, with all her husband's tenderness and indulgence, often made his manners unsatisfactory to her and confirmed her dislike of the medical profession.

Lydgate, inclined to be sarcastic on the superstitious faith of the people in the efficacy of "the bill," while nobody cared about the low state of pathology, sometimes assailed Will with troublesome questions. One evening in March, Rosamond in her cherry-colored dress with swan's-down trimming about the throat sat at the tea-table; Lydgate, lately come in tired from his out-door work, was seated sideways on an easy-chair by the fire with one leg over the elbow, his brow looking a little troubled as his eyes rambled over the columns of the *Pioneer*, while Rosamond, having noticed that he was perturbed, avoided looking at him, and inwardly thanked Heaven that she herself had not a moody disposition. Will Ladislaw was stretched on the rug contemplating the curtain-pole abstractedly, and humming very low the notes of "When first I saw thy face;" while the house spaniel, also stretched out with small choice of room, looked from between his paws at the usurper of the rug with silent but strong objection.

Rosamond bringing Lydgate his cup of tea, he threw down the paper and said to Will, who had started up and gone to the table—

"It's no use your puffing Brooke as a reforming landlord, Ladislaw: they only pick the more holes in his coat in the *Trumpet*."

"No matter; those who read the *Pioneer* don't read the *Trumpet*," said Will, swallowing his tea and walking about. "Do you suppose the public reads with a view to its own conversion? We should have a witches' brewing with a vengeance then—'Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may'—and nobody would know which side he was going to take."

"Farebrother says he doesn't believe Brooke would get elected if the opportunity came: the very men who profess to be for him would bring another member out of the bag at the right moment."

"There's no harm in trying. It's good to have resident members."

"Why?" said Lydgate, who was much given to use that inconvenient word in a curt tone.

"They represent the local stupidity better," said Will, laughing, and shaking his curls; "and they are kept on their best behavior in the neighborhood. Brooke is not a bad fellow, but he has done some good things on his estate that he never would have done but for this Parliamentary bite."

"He's not fit to be a public man," said Lydgate, with contemptuous decision. "He would disappoint every body who counted on him: I can see that at the Hospital. Only, there Bulstrode holds the reins and drives him."

"That depends on how you fix your standard of public men," said Will. "He's good enough for the occasion: when the people have made

up their mind as they are making it up now, they don't want a man—they only want a vote."

"That is the way with you political writers, Ladislaw—crying up a measure as if it were a universal cure, and crying up men who are a part of the very disease that wants curing."

"Why not? Men may help to cure themselves off the face of the land without knowing it," said Will, who could find reasons impromptu, when he had not thought of a question beforehand.

"That is no excuse for encouraging the superstitious exaggeration of hopes about this particular measure, helping the cry to swallow it whole and to send up voting popinjays who are good for nothing but to carry it. You go against rottenness, and there is nothing more thoroughly rotten than making people believe that society can be cured by a political hocus-pocus."

"That's very fine, my dear fellow. But your cure must begin somewhere, and put it that a thousand things which debase a population can never be reformed without this particular reform to begin with. Look what Stanley said the other day—that the House had been tinkering long enough at small questions of bribery, inquiring whether this or that voter has had a guinea when every body knows that the seats have been sold wholesale. Wait for wisdom and conscience in public agents—fiddlestick! The only conscience we can trust to is the massive sense of wrong in a class, and the best wisdom that will work is the wisdom of balancing claims. That's my text—which side is injured? I support the man who supports their claims; not the virtuous upholder of the wrong."

"That general talk about a particular case is mere question-begging, Ladislaw. When I say, I go in for the dose that cures, it doesn't follow that I go in for opium in a given case of gout."

"I am not begging the question we are upon—whether we are to try for nothing till we find immaculate men to work with. Should you go on that plan? If there were one man who would carry you a medical reform and another who would oppose it, should you inquire which had the better motives or even the better brains?"

"Oh, of course," said Lydgate, seeing himself checkmated by a move which he had often used himself, "if one did not work with such men as are at hand, things must come to a dead-lock. Suppose the worst opinion in the town about Bulstrode were a true one, that would not make it less true that he has the sense and the resolution to do what I think ought to be done in the matters I know and care most about; but that is the only ground on which I go with him," Lydgate added, rather proudly, bearing in mind Mr. Farebrother's remarks. "He is nothing to me otherwise; I would not cry him up on any personal ground—I would keep clear of that."

"Do you mean that I cry up Brooke on any personal ground?" said Will Ladislaw, nettled, and turning sharp round. For the first time he felt offended with Lydgate; not the less so, perhaps, because he would have declined any close inquiry into the growth of his relation to Mr. Brooke.

"Not at all," said Lydgate, "I was simply explaining my own action. I meant that a man may work for a special end with others whose motives and general course are equivocal, if he is quite sure of his personal independence, and that he is not working for his private interest—either place or money."

"Then why don't you extend your liberality to others?" said Will, still nettled. "My personal independence is as important to me as yours is to you. You have no more reason to imagine that I have personal expectations from Brooke than I have to imagine that you have personal expectations from Bulstrode. Motives are points of honor, I suppose—nobody can prove them. But as to money and place in the world," Will ended, tossing back his head, "I think it is pretty clear that I am not determined by considerations of that sort."

"You quite mistake me, Ladislaw," said Lydgate, surprised. He had been preoccupied with his own vindication, and had been blind to what Ladislaw might infer on his own account. "I beg your pardon for unintentionally annoying you. In fact, I should rather attribute to you a romantic disregard of your own worldly interests. On the political question I referred simply to intellectual bias."

"How very unpleasant you both are this evening!" said Rosamond. "I can not conceive why money should have been referred to. Politics and medicine are sufficiently disagreeable to quarrel upon. You can both of you go on quarreling with all the world and with each other on those two topics."

Rosamond looked mildly neutral as she said this, rising to ring the bell, and then crossing to her work-table.

"Poor Rosy!" said Lydgate, putting out his hand to her as she was passing him. "Disputation is not amusing to cherubs. Have some music. Ask Ladislaw to sing with you."

When Will was gone Rosamond said to her husband, "What put you out of temper this evening, Tertius?"

"Me? It was Ladislaw who was out of temper. He is like a bit of tinder."

"But I mean before that. Something had vexed you before you came in; you looked cross. And that made you begin to dispute with Mr. Ladislaw. You hurt me very much when you look so, Tertius."

"Do I? Then I am a brute," said Lydgate, caressing her penitently.

"What vexed you?"

"Oh, out-door things—business."

It was really a letter insisting on the payment of a bill for furniture. But Rosamond was expecting to have a baby, and Lydgate wished to save her from any perturbation.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"Was never true love loved in vain,
For truest love is highest gain.
No art can make it: it must spring
Where elements are fostering.
So in heaven's spot and hour
Springs the little native flower,
Downward root and upward eye,
Shapen by the earth and sky."

It happened to be on a Saturday evening that Will Ladislaw had that little discussion with Lydgate. Its effect when he went to his own rooms was to make him sit up half the night, thinking over again, under a new irritation, all that he had before thought of his having settled in Middlemarch and harnessed himself with Mr. Brooke. Hesitations before he had taken the step had since turned into susceptibility to every hint that he would have been wiser not to take it; and hence came his heat toward Lydgate—a heat which still kept him restless. Was he not making a fool of himself? and at a time when he was more than ever conscious of being something better than a fool? And for what end?

Well, for no definite end. True, he had dreamy visions of possibilities: there is no human being who having both passions and thoughts does not think in consequence of his passions—does not find images rising in his mind which soothe the passion with hope or sting it with dread. But this, which happens to us all, happens to some with a wide difference; and Will was not one of those whose wit "keeps the road-way." He had his by-paths where there were little joys of his own choosing, such as gentlemen cantering on the high-road might have thought rather idiotic. The way in which he made a sort of happiness for himself out of his feeling for Dorothea was an example of this. It may seem strange, but it is the fact, that the ordinary vulgar vision of which Mr. Casaubon suspected him—namely, that Dorothea might become a widow, and that the interest he had established in her mind might turn into acceptance of him as a husband—had no tempting, arresting power over him; he did not live in the scenery of such an event, and follow it out, as we all do with that imagined "otherwise" which is our practical heaven. It was not only that he was unwilling to entertain thoughts which could be accused of baseness, and was already uneasy in the sense that he had to justify himself from the charge of ingratitude—the latent consciousness of many other barriers between himself and Dorothea besides the existence of her husband, had helped to turn away his imagination from speculating on what might befall Mr. Casaubon. And there were yet other reasons. Will, we know, could not bear the thought of any flaw appearing in his crystal: he was at once exasperated and delighted by the calm freedom with which Dorothea looked at him and spoke to him, and there was something so exquisite in thinking of her just as she was, that he could not long for a change which must somehow change her. Do we not shun the street version of a fine melody? or shrink from the news that the rarity—some bit of chiseling or engraving perhaps—which we have dwelt on even with exultation in the trouble it has cost us to snatch glimpses of it, is really not an uncommon thing, and may be obtained as an every-day possession? Our good depends on the quality and breadth of our emotion; and to Will, a creature who cared little for what are called the solid things of life and greatly for its subtler influences, to have within him such a feeling as he had toward Dorothea, was like the inheritance of a fortune. What others might have called the futility of his passion made an additional delight for his imagination: he was conscious of a generous movement, and of verifying in his own experience that higher love-poetry which had charmed his fancy. Dorothea, he said to himself, was forever enthroned in his soul: no other woman could sit higher than her footstool; and if he could have written out in immortal syllables the effect she wrought within him, he might have boasted, after the example of old Drayton, that—

"Queens hereafter might be glad to live
Upon the alms of her superfluous praise."

But this result was questionable. And what else could he do for Dorothea? What was his devotion worth to her? It was impossible to tell. He would not go out of her reach. He saw no creature among her friends to whom he could believe that she spoke with the same simple confidence as to him. She had once said that she would like him to stay; and stay he would, whatever fire-breathing dragons might hiss around her.

This had always been the conclusion of Will's hesitations. But he was not without contradictoriness and rebellion even toward his own resolve. He had often got irritated, as he was on this particular night, by some outside demonstration that his public exertions with Mr. Brooke as a chief could not seem as heroic as he would like them to be, and this was always associated with the other ground of irritation—that notwithstanding his sacrifice of dignity for Dorothea's sake, he could hardly ever see her. Whereupon, not being able to contradict these unpleasant facts, he contradicted his own strongest bias, and said, "I am a fool."

Nevertheless, since the inward debate necessarily turned on Dorothea, he ended, as he had done before, only by getting a livelier sense of what her presence would be to him; and suddenly reflecting that the morrow would be Sunday, he determined to go to Lowick Church and see her. He slept upon that idea, but when he was dressing in the rational morning light, Objection said,

"That will be a virtual defiance of Mr. Casaubon's prohibition to visit Lowick, and Dorothea will be displeased."

"Nonsense!" argued Inclination; "it would be too monstrous for him to hinder me from going out to a pretty country church on a spring morning. And Dorothea will be glad."

"It will be clear to Mr. Casaubon that you have come either to annoy him or to see Dorothea."

"It is not true that I go to annoy him, and why should I not go to see Dorothea? Is he to have every thing to himself and be always comfortable? Let him smart a little, as other people are obliged to do. I have always liked the quaintness of the church and congregation; besides, I know the Tuckers: I shall go into their pew."

Having silenced Objection by force of unreason, Will walked to Lowick as if he had been on the way to Paradise, crossing Halsell Common and skirting the wood, where the sunlight fell broadly under the budding boughs, bringing out the beauties of moss and lichen, and fresh green growths piercing the brown. Every thing seemed to know that it was Sunday, and to approve of his going to Lowick Church. Will easily felt happy when nothing crossed his humor, and by this time the thought of vexing Mr. Casaubon had become rather amusing to him, making his face break into its merry smile, pleasant to see as the breaking of sunshine on the water—though the occasion was not exemplary. But most of us are apt to settle within ourselves that the man who blocks our way is odious, and not to mind causing him a little of the disgust which his personality excites in ourselves. Will went along with a small book under his arm and a hand in each side-pocket, never reading, but chanting a little, as he made scenes of what would happen in church and coming out. He was experimenting in tunes to suit some words of his own, sometimes trying a ready-made melody, sometimes improvising. The words were not exactly a hymn, but they certainly fitted his Sunday experience:

O me, O me, what frugal cheer
My love doth feed upon!
A touch, a ray, that is not here,
A shadow that is gone:

A dream of breath that might be near,
An inly-echoed tone,
The thought that one may think me dear,
The place where one was known,

The tremor of a banished fear,
An ill that was not done—
O me, O me, what frugal cheer
My love doth feed upon!

Sometimes, when he took off his hat, shaking his head backward, and showing his delicate throat as he sang, he looked like an incarnation of the spring whose spirit filled the air—a bright creature, abundant in uncertain promises.

The bells were still ringing when he got to Lowick, and he went into the curate's pew before any one else arrived there. But he was still left alone in it when the congregation had assembled. The curate's pew was opposite the rector's at the entrance of the small chancel, and Will had time to fear that Dorothea might not come, while he looked round at the group of rural faces which made the congregation from year to year within the whitewashed walls and dark old pews, hardly with more change than we see in the boughs of a tree which breaks here and there with age, but yet has young shoots. Mr. Rigg's frog-face was something alien and unaccountable, but notwithstanding this shock to the order of things, there were still the Waules and the rural stock of the Powderells in their pews side by side; brother Samuel's cheek had the same purple round as ever, and the three generations of decent cottagers came as of old with a sense of duty to their betters generally—the smaller children regarding Mr. Casaubon, who wore the black gown and mounted to the highest box, as probably the chief of all betters, and the one most awful if offended. Even in 1831 Lowick was at peace, not more agitated by Reform than by the solemn tenor of the Sunday sermon. The congregation had been used to seeing Will at church in former days, and no one took much note of him except the choir, who expected him to make a figure in the singing.

Dorothea did at last appear on this quaint background, walking up the short aisle in her white beaver bonnet and gray cloak—the same she had worn in the Vatican. Her face being, from her entrance, toward the chancel, even her short-sighted eyes soon discerned Will, but there was no outward show of her feeling except a slight paleness and a grave bow as she passed him. To his own surprise, Will felt suddenly uncomfortable, and dared not look at her after they had bowed to each other. Two minutes later, when Mr. Casaubon came out of the vestry, and, entering the pew, seated himself in face of Dorothea, Will felt his paralysis more complete. He could look nowhere except at the choir in the little gallery over the vestry door: Dorothea was perhaps pained, and he had made a wretched blunder. It was no longer amusing to vex Mr. Casaubon, who had the advantage probably of watching him and seeing that he dared not turn his head. Why had he not imagined this beforehand?—but he could not expect that he should sit in that square pew alone, unrelieved by any Tuckers, who had apparently departed from Lowick altogether, for a new clergyman was in the desk. Still he called himself stupid now for not foreseeing that it would be impossible for him to look toward Dorothea—nay, that she might feel his coming an impertinence. There was no delivering himself from his cage, however; and Will found his places and looked at his book as if he had been a school-mistress, feeling that the morning service had never been so immeasurably long before, that he was utterly ridiculous, out of temper, and miserable. This was what a man got by worshiping the sight of a woman! The clerk observed with surprise that Mr. Ladislaw did not join in the tune of "Hanover," and reflected that he might have a cold.

Mr. Casaubon did not preach that morning, and there was no change in Will's situation until the blessing had been pronounced and every one rose. It was the fashion at Lowick for "the betters" to go out first. With a sudden determination to break the spell that was upon him, Will looked straight at Mr. Casaubon. But that gentleman's eyes were on the button of the pew door, which he opened, allowing Dorothea to pass, and following her immediately without raising his eyelids. Will's glance had caught Dorothea's as she turned out of the pew, and again she bowed, but this time with a look of agitation, as if she were repressing tears. Will walked out after them, but they went on toward the little gate leading out of the church-yard into the shrubbery, never looking round.

It was impossible for him to follow them, and he could only walk back sadly at mid-day along the same road which he had trodden hopefully in the morning. The lights were all changed for him both without and within.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

A good story is told of Thomas Carlyle. It is said that a lady who lived near him kept Cochin China fowl, and the crowing was such a nuisance that the philosopher sent in to complain of it. The lady appealed to was indignant. "Why," she said, "the fowls only crow four times a day, and how can Mr. Carlyle be seriously annoyed at that?" "The lady forgets," was the characteristic rejoinder, "the pain I suffer in waiting for those four crows."

The best Cosmetic—Soap and water.

Why are ripe potatoes in the ground like thieves?—Because they ought to be taken up.

The following is related of an Englishman who was tempted to emigrate to Arizona in the expectation of finding innumerable precious stones. His search was a failure; but he was informed that in the mountain near San Bernardino a brass mine—very rich in ore—had been discovered; so he went in search of it. Very soon, however, he left the country in disgust. Arriving at the hotel at Prescott one night, he was asked by the landlord if he would have some teal for supper. "What's teal?" asked the Englishman. "Why, a kind of duck," replied the landlord. "Has it wings?" inquired the Englishman. "Certainly," answered the landlord. "Then," said the Englishman, "I don't want any: any thing that has wings and can fly, and won't fly out of this accursed country, I don't want to have any thing to do with."

A bad Style of Arithmetic—Division among families.

Visitor (*to convict*). "Well, my friend, what are you in for?"

Prisoner. "Me? why, I'm in for getting out, if I can."

A Paris correspondent has discovered a man whose "cheek" is sublime in its immensity. This is the story which he tells: A gentleman walking with his little boy on the banks of the Seine, the child slipped over the bank into the water, and would certainly have been drowned but for the courage of a man who was fishing, who jumped in and saved the boy. The father thanked him cordially, but asked him if he would add to the obligation, as he was already wet through, by swimming out for his son's cap.

When a lady fainted at a Wisconsin party a gentleman thought he could resuscitate her by biting her ear. He is going about with a poultice on his eye.

Professors of Drawing—Poultices.

"I can't bear," said Sydney Smith, "to be imprisoned in the true orthodox way in my pulpit, with my head just peeping above the desk. I like to look down upon my congregation—to fire into them. The common people say I am a *bould preacher*, for I like to have my arms free and to thump the pulpit. A singular *contre-temps* happened to me once, when, to effect this, I had ordered the clerk to pile up some hassocks for me to stand on. My text was, 'We are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed.' I had scarcely uttered these words, and was preparing to illustrate them, when I did so practically, and in a way I had not at all anticipated. My fabric of hassocks suddenly gave way, down I fell, and with difficulty prevented myself from being precipitated into the arms of my congregation, who, I must say, behaved very well, and recovered their gravity sooner than I could have expected."

"What's the use," asked an idle fellow, "of a man's working himself to death to get a living?"

Passing the Time—Going by a clock.

What ancient implement of war does a petulant lover most resemble?—A cross-bow.

"What have you to remark, madam, about my singing?" "Nothing, Sir; it is not remarkable."

Writing a letter in a coffee-house, Dr. Garth found himself overlooked by a curious Irishman, who was impudently reading every word of the epistle. Garth took no notice of the impertinence until he had finished and signed the body of the letter, when he added a postscript of unquestionable legibility: "I would write you more by this post, but there's a d——d tall impudent Irishman looking over my shoulder all the time." "What do you mean, Sir?" roared the Irishman, in a fury; "do you think I looked over your letter?" "Sir," replied the physician, "I never once opened my lips to you." "Ay, but you have put it down, for all that." "'Tis impossible, Sir, that you should know that, for you have never once looked over my letter."

A Jewel of an Uncle—Carb-uncle.

The table of interest is the dinner-table.

A street lecturer on electricity was taken aback by a great phenomenon. The other day a stolid-looking individual grasped the handles of the machine with the determination to have, as he expressed it, his "full five cents' worth," but somehow or other the electricity had no effect upon him. The professor kept on piling up the agony, but with no effect. "Don't you feel it yet?" said he, when nearly the full power had been put on. "No, I don't feel nothing," was the placid response. Another turn. "Now don't you feel it?" "No," was still the reply. The professor looked bewildered. He had put on all the power the machine was capable of, and with no result. Such a thing had never happened before. What was to be done? He had stood at the corner of that street for two years, and his credit was at stake. At last his countenance brightened. A happy thought! "Let's look at your feet," said he. The patient complied by holding up one foot. "Ah, I thought so!" said the professor, triumphantly. "You might stand there till you are blue in the face, and not feel nothing. Leather's a non-conductor, don't you know; but you've got such a great hole in your shoe that as fast as the electricity comes in at your hands it goes out at your feet! You go and get your shoes mended, and come again."

BADEN-BADEN.

On the 31st of next December the leases of the great gambling establishments at Baden-Baden, Homburg, Ems, and Wiesbaden will expire, and as the German authorities have refused to renew them, the proprietors will have to find some other resorts for the practice of their nefarious occupation. Both the French and Russian governments having declined to grant them licenses, they are at their wit's end, and know not which way to turn. The closing up of these gilded palaces of sin will be a great step of reform. Thousands of young men are ruined at the green tables every year, and although every large city in Europe has its private gambling-houses, yet they can never have the fascination of the magnificent and legalized establishments which for so many years have been a disgrace to Germany. The gambling establishment at Baden-Baden is the richest and most attractive of all these resorts. The building includes an immense assembly-room, containing a table on which the game of roulette is played. Adjoining this is a smaller room, where rouge et noir is played; then a splendid restaurant, where dinners may be had *à la carte*. At the other end of the building is a theatre, and a most magnificently furnished suit of apartments for assembly and ball purposes. Next year will see their splendid building deserted and forlorn.

But whatever may be the case with other German watering-places, the attractions at Baden are so great that her prosperity as a resort for invalids is not likely to be diminished by the abolition of public gambling. When play is put a stop to at Homburg and Ems, possibly few will resort to these places unless absolutely ordered there by their doctors, and even Wiesbaden can not compare for romantic beauty with the neighborhood of Baden, which, nestling as it does at the foot of the Black Forest, with its glorious old castle embowered in dark pines, its clear and sparkling little river Oos, and its Lichtenthal Avenue, all gay with flowers and blossoms, seems one of the most delightful spots in Europe. Long, therefore, may young and old, healthy and ailing, assemble in its Trinkhalle, and make wry faces over its goblets of healing but rather unpleasantly flavored waters. The mineral springs of this locality were well known to and appreciated by the Romans, who planted a colony there, and gave it the name of "Civitas Aurelia Aquensis." The springs, thirteen in number, burst out of the rocks at the foot of the castle terrace. Their temperature is not affected by the seasons. The water is perfectly clear, has a faint animal smell, and a saltish taste, somewhat like weak broth. A handsome building, in form of a temple, is erected over the principal spring, besides which the water is conveyed by pipes to the different hotels.

Directly above the town is the new Schloss, or palace of the grand duke, in which his ances-

TAKING THE WATERS AT BADEN-BADEN.

tors have lived for the last 400 years—a fact that would rather relieve it from the title of new were it not that the old Schloss is immediately above the new, where the ancient dukes resided previous to the fifteenth century. The building is remarkable for the curious vaults and mysterious dungeons that are now exhibited to the curious by the castellan.

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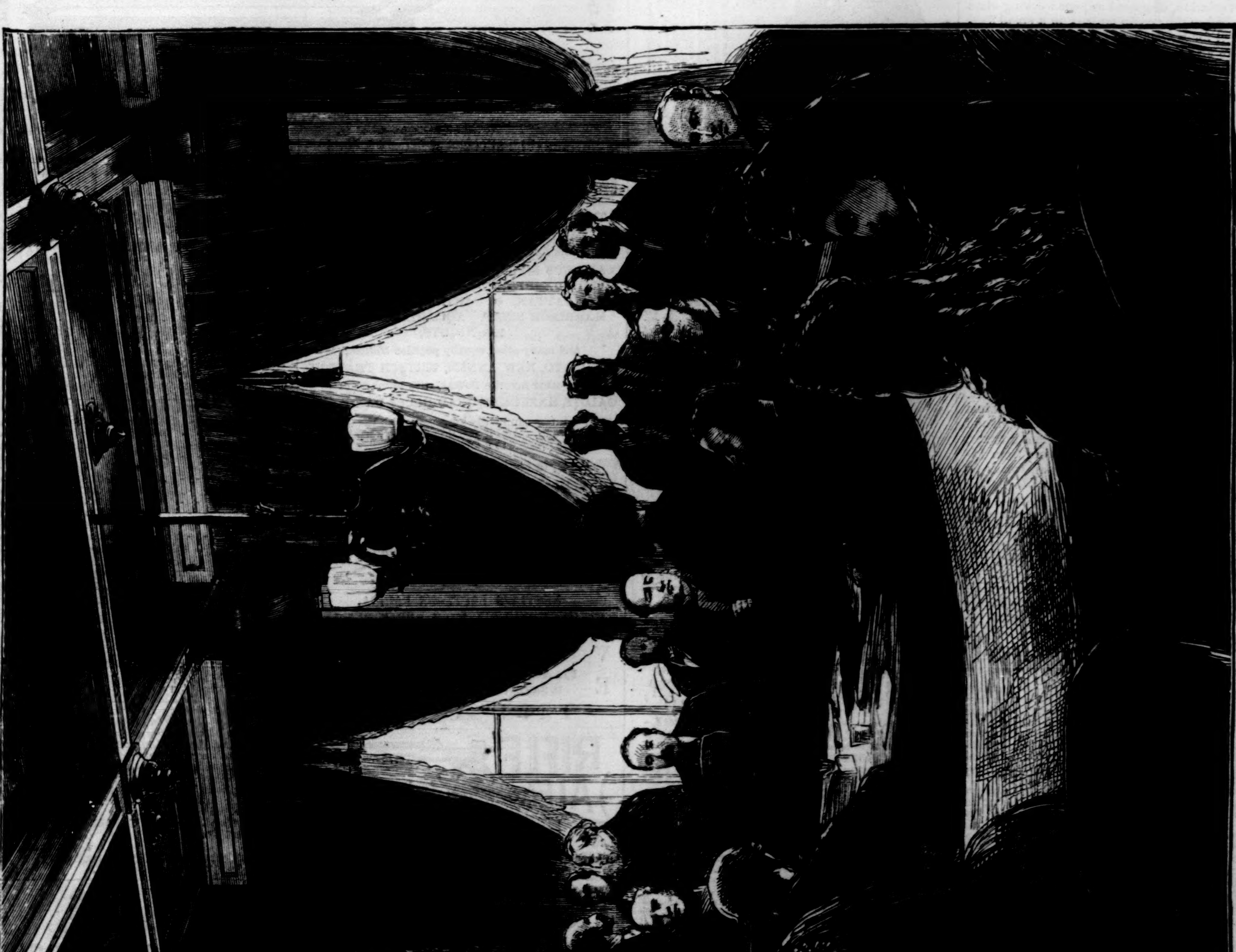

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M. THIERS'S MARINE VILLA.

THE fashionable French watering-place of Trouville, near Havre, owes its present repute and prosperity to the late Duc de Morny; but it has been curiously associated with the sudden fall of the reigning dynasties from 1848 to 1870. It was here that King Louis Philippe and Queen Marie Amélie waited twelve days after the February revolution, disguised as poor working-class people, before they could embark in a small fishing vessel for England, to land at Newhaven. It was here also that the Empress Eugénie, in her turn, having fled from Paris, twenty-two years after the king and queen of the Orleans family, remained concealed in the house of an American till she could be safely brought across to Hastings in an English gentleman's yacht. The Chalet Cordier, in which M. Thiers is now residing, stands high above the shore and village, among the woods, half-way up the hill of Henequeville, near the road to Honfleur. It is a building of light and fanciful structure, in which red brick is combined with carved and varnished wood, the exterior design partaking of the mixed characters of a fifteenth century manor-house, an Italian palazzo, and a Swiss chalet. The house and grounds command a noble prospect, which includes the English Channel, the Bay of Havre, the hill-sides of Ingouville, La Hève, the verdure and winding river of the vale of Touques, and between the mountains the sites of Cobourg, Dives, and the shore near Caen. The interior of the Chalet Cordier, luxuriously but tastefully decorated in the style of the Renaissance, is rich in pictures and in a collection of objects of art. Especially to be noticed are a Florentine cabinet of the sixteenth century in the entrance hall, and in the library modern vases and ancient bronzes, together with relics of the Roman era from Lisieux. There are Byzantine crosses, works of art by Fragonard, Chardin, Ribera, a Magdalene by Benedetto, and ancient Gothic paneling emblazoned with the arms of the Norman barons who followed Robert Shorthose to the Crusades. In the fine English garden which surrounds the chalet grows the fine plant Vicia Bithynica, discovered in 1850 by M. Durand-Duquesney. It may be added that, by a singular coincidence, M. Crémieux, the predecessor of M. Thiers in the first place of the republic, usually passes the summer in a house belonging to him at the foot of the hill on which M. Thiers resides.

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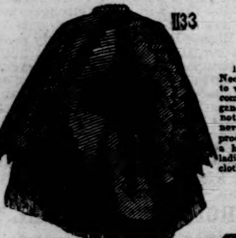

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1133—DOLMA CLOAK. Needs no lengthy description to win universal favor. For comfort, neatness, and elegance combined, its equal is not to be found among the novelties of this winter's productions. Takes two and a half yards double-fold ladies' cloth. Pattern, with cloth model, 50 cents.

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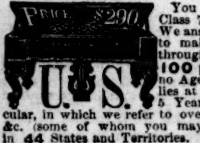

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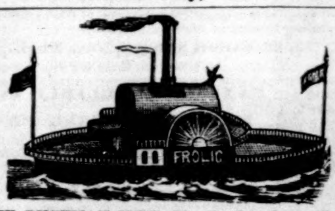

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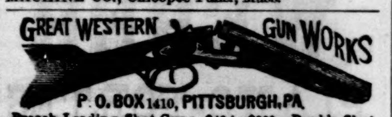

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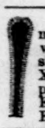

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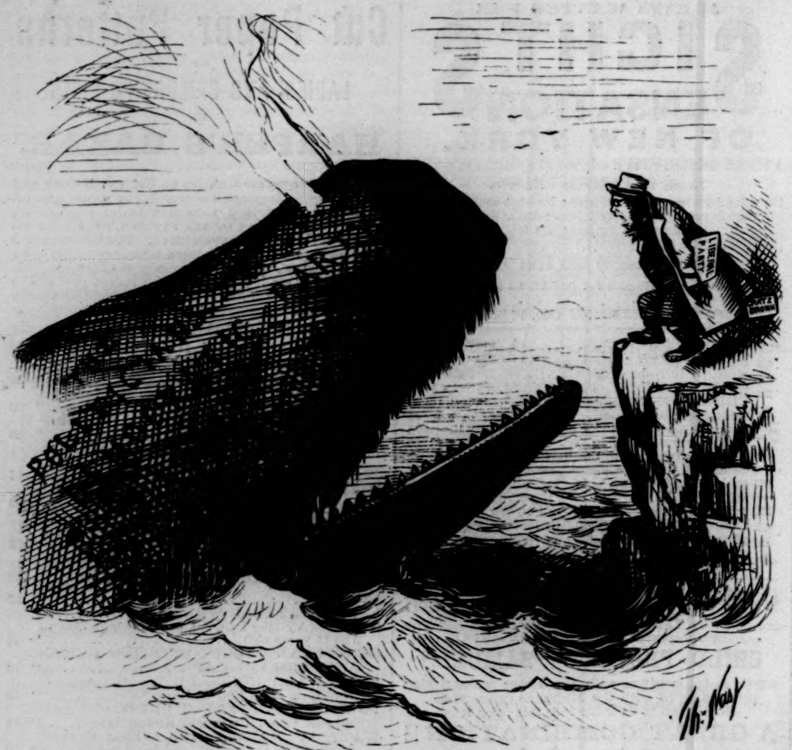

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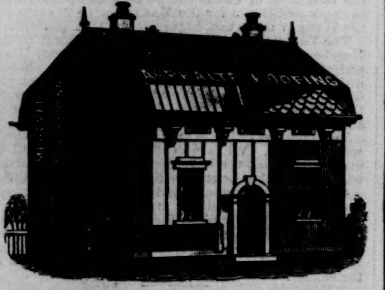

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[CONTINUED FROM No. 825, PAGE 824.]

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Book the First.

A HARD STRUGGLE.

CHAPTER XIV.

TOMMY POUNCE.

THE stage door, or artists' entrance, was not difficult to discover. There was a lamp burning above it, and the ballet-girls were issuing from it; three-fourths of them shivering and ill-clad, and a few in seal-skin jackets and pork-pie hats—a jaunty crew weighed down by finery.

There were many good-nights given to a snuffy little man boxed up in an office on the left of the door, and there were not a few sharp glances in my direction as I entered.

"Oh, it's too late for her," I heard one girl say; "as if we hadn't made up the Christmas lot ever so long ago!"

The man in the little office regarded me with distrust and disfavor, after the custom of his kind. He was paid to snub outsiders, and to keep a disreputable public from a glorious and dirty world behind the scenes, and I looked like an intrusion upon business.

"I wish to see Miss Baskerville before she leaves," I said.

"Miss Baskerville's busy, and can't be bothered."

"She will see me—she will be glad to see me," I answered, quickly. "I am her best friend."

"Oh!"

The door-keeper appeared puzzled, but the doubtful expression of his countenance did not completely die away.

"I'll send up your name, if you like," he said, reluctantly, "and see what she says."

"Can't I see her without that?"

"I should think not."

"I am afraid of the shock—we have not met for so long a time."

"I don't think it will answer," he said; then he raised his voice, and called "Jem!" and a boy of seventeen or eighteen came tumbling down a spiral iron staircase toward us.

"Jem, when Miss Baskerville comes off tell her that a young person wishes to speak to her for a moment, if she has no particular objection. What name shall I say, miss?"

"Faith Kirby, from Pietermaritzburg."

"Faith Kirby, from Peter—marry—somebody. Look sharp, Jem."

The man in the office winked at the messenger without much attempt at disguise, and the messenger grinned at the man's weak effort at a joke. Like their fellow-servant in the front of the house, they thought it was only "a try-on."

Jem departed, and I was left standing in the draughty passage, looking over the half-door of the office at the fire before which the door-keeper sat weary with his duties. One or two people came in while I waited; a few more ladies of the ballet tripped away; a sulky-looking man in a rusty-black velveteen coat, and two children, of whom little was seen but comforters and caps, descended the staircase.

"I'm off, Jenkins," said this man, leaning over the half-door after a sidelong glance at me in the usual professional way. "I'll shake hands with you, old feller, and say good-by too."

"Oh, ah," said Jenkins, rising with not too much alacrity and shambling across the little room, "you're going for good to-night, ain't you? Sorry to say good-by, Amos."

The men shook hands.

"I'm not sorry," said Amos, in the same aggrieved tone. "I on'y wish the guv'ner may get as good a lot as rap to time, and liked on'y 'arf as well. There, I say *'arf as well*, Jenkins, and you may tell him so from me."

"I'll drop him a hint," said the office-keeper, in a tone that implied the very reverse of his promise.

"He's going in for the Salviatinis on Boxing-night," said the man, his upper lip—and a very thick upper lip it was—really and absolutely curling with scorn, and curling so much that I could have counted every tooth in his head—"and I wish him joy on 'em. They're not worth their salt"—in a husky whisper—"the old un can't even throw a flipflap properly, s'elp me."

"That's a bad look-out," said Jenkins, quietly.

"Will you have a drain with me, old feller?"

"No, thankee. I can't leave yet awhile."

"Good-night, then."

"Good-night. I dare say I shall see you back again."

"I don't know as you will," said Amos. "I don't know as I'd come back after the orful failure those Sals will make of it. I don't know as double the money will bring me back; you see, now;" and with many expressive nods, Amos, followed by his boys, whom I had seen as the Spanish Constellations half an hour ago, took his departure down the court. Presently Jem reappeared, staring at me with intense interest, as at an object deserving of his entire attention.

"Oh, if you please, Miss Kirby, will you step into the greenroom, and wait for Miss Baskerville? and please say nothing about *any thing*," he added, with emphasis, "until she comes. She will be very glad to see you after her encores. You're to be sure and wait."

"What did she say? How did she look when you mentioned my name?" I could not forbear inquiring, in my eagerness.

"She sat down and shook like a haspern," said Jem. "I thought she was agoing to faint."

"Show the lady up stairs, Jem," said Mr. Jenkins, and I followed the call-boy up the iron staircase, past a corner of the stage, with people standing at the wings; where beyond them, in the glare of the gas-jets, I saw my sister Katie, dressed as a servant-maid, I fancied, before we went up a second flight of the spiral staircase, and entered the greenroom.

At the same moment, as the door of the room closed behind me, I became aware that I was not alone, and that a sandy-haired, closely shaven, bull-necked man of six or seven and twenty was standing with his back to the fire, and his elbows on the mantel-piece, in a somewhat inelegant attitude. He did not move as I entered, though he regarded me critically, and with some wondering interest, after the fashion to which I had been subjected from all the *employés* of the establishment so far as I had gone. I recognized him as the individual whose coarse singing, offensive demeanor, and general vulgarity had disgusted me, and raised the whole house to enthusiasm. It was Tommy Pounce, the Colossal—the great music-hall singer, who had sung his last ditties that night, and was standing with his back to the fire in all the glory of private dress—a sight not vouchsafed to the common herd, and for which prospect, I believe, he thought I should be thankful. There was a certain amount of good looks in the man, but of a low type, and devoid of the slightest trace of refinement; he was above the middle height, and expensively got up, having a plenitude of velvet trimming to his coat, a set of jeweled waistcoat buttons, the heaviest of gold watch-guards, half a dozen rings on his fingers, a diamond collar stud, a green satin scarf, with bars of yellow satin crossing at right angles, and an ivory skull with diamond eyes, by way of breastpin. It was a strange thought to come across me at that moment, and with my heart aching as it did; it was born of his general appearance, and my last attempt to raise a loan, perhaps; but I wondered for an instant what he would realize at the pawnbroker's in the next street, with all those adornments thick upon him. There was a long gold-mounted whip behind him, also his property, but this I did not take into consideration till he removed it from the mantel-piece and flipped his highly-varnished boots. I sat down close to the door—being very doubtful of Tommy Pounce's method of behavior in private life, and associating him very unjustly with the last character I had seen him in—the "Prince of Piccadilly."

I was afraid of his addressing me, and I took an old letter from my pocket and feigned to be interested in it, but Pounce the Colossal was in no hurry to obtrude his conversation upon me. He trifled with his whip, he drew a little diagram upon the ceiling with it, he sportively lashed at some paper flowers in a vase upon the centre-table, he whistled to himself; finally, he replaced his whip on the mantel-piece and went slowly through his scales, being particularly dissatisfied with one note low down in his register.

"Ah! that's all right," he muttered at last; then he hummed various little bits of comic songs, as if anxious to impress me—having no one else to impress at the moment—with the fact that he was a great singer, which he wasn't.

Suddenly he spoke to me; and though my heart beat nervously, I found sufficient courage to reply and check the familiar tone with which I had been sure from the first he would address me.

"Waiting for any body in particular, my dear?" he asked.

"Sir?" I replied, interrogatively, looking him down, coldly and steadily, as it is in the power of all modest women, thank Heaven, to look down the offensive familiarity which will at times unfortunately encounter them.

"I was hasking if you were waiting for any one in particular," he said, in a different tone.

"I am waiting for Miss Baskerville."

"Oh, little Basky, eh?—she'll be off in a few minutes. I think they'll let her off," he added, "on this occasion with four songs—to-night being Saturday night, when the beastly pubs shut up at twelve to the minute.

"'Oh! don't rob a poor man of his beer, his beer,
Don't rob a poor man of his beer!'"

I resumed the reading of my letter, and Mr. Pounce, after carefully studying me, sat down, nursed one leg upon the knee of another, and sang softly to himself, like a man who was never tired of the sound of his own voice.

The door opened, and I turned eagerly toward it, to be disappointed by the sight of a second gentleman, short and thick, and middle-aged, who spoke with a slobbery accent, kept his hat on, and had an astonishingly dirty face.

"By George, Pounce! they won't let Katie off to-night," he cried; "she's had another call, and didn't want to respond; but they will have her, and she's in again."

"How many times does that make, guv'ner?" asked Pounce.

"Six times. Thank my stars, I said nothing about hencore money," said the proprietor of the Hall of Harmony, rubbing his hands together.

"Six! It's too much—it's infernal nonsense," remarked the Colossal, who had been recalled four times, and now felt himself aggrieved.

"That gal's worth fifty pound a week, but she don't know it, Pounce," said the other, digging his favorite comic in the ribs, who caught his hand, and gesticulated toward me.

"Eh—who?" asked the proprietor, in an audible aside.

Some information was imparted to him, and he came bowing toward me, saying,

"A friend of Miss Baskerville, madam?"

"Yes," I answered, "a great friend, I hope."

"She will not be long. I am Mr. Baxter, the lessee."

"Are you?" was my quiet answer.

"A lessee who is proud of the name of Miss Baskerville upon his bills. You may tell her that, if you like—not as from me, for I never pay compliments to people's faces. It sounds too much like soft-sawder, you understand, ma'am. Pounce, my dear boy," clapping his dirty hand into the hand of the Colossal, "that last song is a gem of yours. I'm proud of it and you. The people take up the chorus famous—'I'm the Prince of Piccadilly, with my Hi, Gee, Wo!' they give it voice, and hollering makes them thirsty. Don't let the Manchester have it—their band's sure to spoil it, and put you out; upon my soul, they are."

"Yes, it's a stunning good song," said Pounce, in assent, but he said not a word about excluding the Manchester from the benefit of it.

"I'd stand another quid if you'd keep the Manchester out, Tommy," said Mr. Baxter, on whose mind the song had evidently made a deep impression.

"I should like to oblige you, Baxter, my boy," said Pounce, in a plaintive tone, "but I can't sing hexclusive songs; it ain't the fair thing on me to do."

"Just as you please. Will you have a glass of wine?"

"I don't mind a B and S."

"B and S, if you like—any thing," he said, touching the bell. "Are you waiting for Katie too, Tom?"

"Yes; I'm going to drive her as far as her door."

"What, in the trap?"

"She won't mind. She says it will be good fun."

"Nonsense!"

The door opened, and Jem appeared.

"Jem, bring up two brandies and sodas—quick."

"Yes, Sir—and oh! if you please," turning to me suddenly, "will you step into Miss Baskerville's room now?"

I followed him with alacrity. Another turn of the spiral staircase, and along a dusty passage ch...ed up with properties, and then I was before a doo., on which my sister's assumed name was inscribed in Roman capitals.

My guide knocked, and the voice I knew so well now said, "Come in."

I turned the handle, and entered with faltering steps and swimming eyes; and my sister Katie, the girl long lost to me, and strangely found, rose in her last stage-dress and came in her tinsel glitter toward me with arms extended, and her face full of joy and sorrow. She took me to her breast as though, like my father, she thought that I was the one who needed consolation most, and kissed me many times.

"My poor dear Faith, how glad I am to see you!" she exclaimed.

"WHAT'S THE MATTER?"—[SEE SUPPLEMENT TO No. 825, PAGE 823.]

CHAPTER XV.

A SISTERS' MEETING.

DESPITE all the strange surroundings of my sister's life, and of which the reader perceives that I had taken too exaggerated a view—seeing the worst in them, and fearing the worst from them—I was glad to clasp Katie to my heart again. For an instant I forgot every thing save that she was in her rightful place, that we were together once more, after all the difficulties in the way, and that it was her face looking into mine, with much of the old love upon it that I was assured would never die away. Then the truth came swiftly back upon me, and I murmured,

"Oh, Katie! why have you taken to this dreadful life?"

"My dear little goose, it's not dreadful," she answered; "it is an honest mode of living, and I am forced to live. I'll tell you about it presently—you must tell me of yourself to begin with. You came back from Pietermaritzburg before the letters reached you telling you to stop—I did not think of that—before the news of father's disgrace followed that nonsense of his which so deceived us all. What have you been doing? When did you come? Ah, my good gracious, child! why are you dressed like this?"

"I found my father in prison, and you away from the old home, and there was nothing left, Katie, but to wait for the friends who never came to help me."

"And you waited till it came to poverty—I see—I know," said Katie, indignantly: "what a shame! What a struggle yours must have been, without courage to face the world, and with your worldly knowledge based on Uncle Jef's old-fashioned notions! My dear, dear Faith, why were you in such haste to meet this misery?"

"I believed in the good news," I answered, making no reply to Katie's estimate of my powers, and thinking again how like it was, in its way, to my father's ideas, conveyed behind the wire grating of his cage.

"Yes, exactly," said Katie; "but I wish that you had not been in a hurry, although the hurry has brought you to me. We need not part again, and we will be such true friends one to another. Oh, Faith, I have wanted one true friend so much!"

"You will trust in me, then?"

"To be sure I will."

And once more her arms were round me, and her kisses falling on my cheeks.

"You will let me advise you for your good—tell you what I think is right and what is wrong—teach you in my simple, earnest way, even as I used to do in Dorset Street?"

"Oh, I know right from wrong, and the mighty difference there is between them," was the quick, half-laughing answer; "and as for advice, why, if I take any, I shall probably take yours. We will advise each other presently, not now."

"But this life, this awful life, then—"

"Yes, yes; you have said that before," said Katie, with impatience, "and we will argue that out in a few minutes, and," she added, with a little emphasis, "in a few words. Wait here, dear."

She passed into a small inner room, and before I had time to ponder much over our meeting she was back again, clad in a heavy black silk dress and shawl, with a dark hat and feathers surmounting her brown hair.

"I have learned the art of dressing rapidly,

Faith, and that for a lady is a great accomplishment. And now, my dear little serious missionary of a sister," she added, laying her gloved hands on my shoulders, and approaching her bright face close to mine, "you must defer all talk of this life until we are at home, not tease me about it here."

"I will not tease you at all, if I can help it."

"That's a dear Faith;" and she kissed me again before she withdrew her hands from my shoulders. "You will come straight home with me, of course. You look tired and ill: you must have suffered a great deal."

"A great deal of anxiety concerning you, and—"

"And that being over, you will be yourself again—another Kirby, not wholly trodden underfoot," she said, suddenly compressing her red lips together, "a something like myself—strong, resolute, and able to fight your own battle."

"I think I can do that."

"That's well."

She regarded me very critically for a few moments; then she said, "You are like me, I should say, a great deal. Neither of us is a giantess," she said, laughing, "but we are *petite* and so sweetly genteel!"

I tried to smile at her high spirits, but it was a poor attempt, and her life and light depressed me, despite my efforts to the contrary. She was satisfied with the sphere into which she had plunged, and more than satisfied with the popularity which her singing and acting had attained for her. That was my greatest trouble, and my busy brain was already scheming how to lure her from it.

"Give me your address, Katie," I said, "and I will be with you early in the morning."

"In the morning?"

"Yes; I must return to Dorset Street to-night."

"Why, you are not at the old house?"

"Yes, I am."

"With that snappish Mrs. Simmons? Ah! she has told you some fine stories about me. How I detest that woman!"

"A good woman at heart, Katie," I replied. "Don't be hard upon her. She did not forget me when I had no more money, but gave me the shelter of her home all the same."

"You must have got over her very nicely somehow," replied Katie. "I could never agree with her for five minutes together. But you shall not go back to-night: I say, Faith, that you shall never, never leave me again—there!"

"Mrs. Simmons will sit up all night for me."

"Write her a letter, and tell her that you have found me. There's pen and ink; I'll see that some one is sent with it directly—you need not be afraid of that. Why, Faith," perceiving that I hesitated, "you can't like me as you used, if you want to run away from me so soon."

"I will write," I said. "I can see Mrs. Simmons in a few days. I shall be one less in Dorset Street, and that will be a relief now."

"Tell Mrs. Simmons that I haven't forgotten the rent," said Katie, "and that she shall have the whole of it on Monday. I have been going to send it many times, but something has always stopped me. What a shocking thing rent is, Faith—especially back rent."

"Ay, it is."

"There, write your letter, and come to me in the greenroom. You can find your way back?"

"Are you going there?"

"Yes—such fun! Mr. Pounce will drive us home in his trap—his advertisement trap I call it. I promised to go with him, and he is awaiting my attendance."

"I will not go with him; I don't like that man," I said, quickly.

"Hush, hush! my 'dresser' is in the next room," said Katie, lowering her voice and betraying some alarm at my frank speaking. "Neither do I, for he's the most conceited ape that ever breathed; but it is my business, my existence, to please those people who can advance my interests. Pounce is the great man; he is coining money with his impudence and his coster's voice; he will take a music-hall of his own soon; and I must not make this man an enemy. Try and understand that my position is not secure enough to show my likes and dislikes. I wish it were: I would surprise a few of them."

"But, Katie, is this life—"

"There, there! when we get home—not now," she cried, interrupting me; "it's a compact signed and sealed between us. Oblige me in every thing, and follow my lead in every thing, until that home is reached, my dear. It's for the best, or I would not ask you, really."

"Very well," I answered, with a sigh.

When she had left me I wondered if her will had mastered mine, if her strong, urgent nature had got the better of my resistance, or I had only given way a little to oblige one whom I had not seen for years before that meeting. It mattered not how it was, the times were changing; I had found Kate Kirby, and should be of service to her. She had spoken of the need of one true friend, and of looking forward to that friend in me: that was a good beginning of our lives together. Presently this strange, artificial, enervating life we should leave behind together too—I prayed so even then again.

I wrote my letter to Mrs. Simmons very hastily, perhaps very incoherently, for I was anxious to be quit of the Hall of Harmony, and at home with Katie, facing the truth. I told Mrs. Simmons that I had discovered my sister, and that she had insisted upon taking me home with her; and I added that I should call in a day or two and tell her all the facts. I should have added Katie's address had I known it, but she had left the room without apprising me, and I did not care to date from the Hall of Harmony. I said nothing of the means by which I had found Katie—I left all to the next meeting; and for Mrs. Simmons's past kindness I dashed off a few lines of grateful thanks, feeling that the Dorset Street struggles were over for good, and that a new life had commenced, as full of mystery and uncertainty as the past had been, dating from the day of my return to England. Having placed the note in the envelope, I left Katie's dressing-room and found my way to the apartment that I had recently quitted.

Katie was waiting for me, with a glass of sherry and a biscuit before her, the gift of the liberal Mr. Baxter; and Mr. Baxter was relating an anecdote to her and Mr. Pounce with much unction and gesticulation, the latter gentleman listening condescendingly, and playing with his whip again.

"This is my particular friend, Miss Kirby," said Katie, as I entered; "one whom I have been waiting years to see—the best little woman in the world."

I did not admire her style of introduction; I was surprised at her making no allusion to our relationship, but I had promised her her own way to-night in every thing.

Mr. Pounce bowed stiffly, as if he had never seen me before, and Mr. Baxter shook hands and blessed me, and expressed his great delight at making the acquaintance of any friend of Miss Baskerville's; and then Kate rose and said that she was ready, after first impressing Mr. Baxter with the fact that she wanted some one to take a letter to Dorset Street immediately—a wish which that gentleman promised to see carried out under his own personal superintendence. We left Mr. Baxter with the letter in the greenroom, and descended the spiral staircase. Katie turned and spoke to me with her finger on her lip:

"I did not say you were my sister, Faith."

"No—why not?"

"I thought you might not like it," was the reply; "that you might be ashamed to own that you had a sister here."

"Oh, Katie!"

"It isn't a reproach, but sober earnest, child," she added.

We were passing the door-keeper's den again; the colossal Pounce swaggered by without any notice of Mr. Jenkins cowering by the fire. Katie said "Good-evening," and he answered "Good-evening, my lady," as though she were a countess; and then we sallied from the Hall of Harmony into the dark court and the narrow street beyond, where Mr. Pounce's equipage was blocking up three-fourths of the roadway.

"Here he is! Hurray, Tommy Pounce!—and, oh! here's Katie Baskywill with him"—"Here they all are!"—"Who's the gal in brown?" were a few of the salutations that met us, and that brought the color to my cheeks, as we passed through a crowd of unwashed tatterdemalions toward the drag, where, to my astonishment, two men in livery were standing. It was a grand show for so poor a neighborhood, which might well have been stirred to its depths by the display. The comic singer was a king on this side of the water, and the extravagant game he was playing might possibly be worth the candle. They talked of Tommy Pounce's trap in the vicinity of all the music-halls where Pounce bawled night after night his meaningless nonsense, and it was evident how great a man he was by the rush of the "ragged fringe" to catch a glimpse of him. The police pushed back the most forward of the crew, but touched their helmets respectfully to Tommy. The shop-keepers left their counters, and came to the door to see him off; the boys cheered a little, a few derisively, as if satire had come early to them, and they knew Mr. Pounce's worth better than he knew his own.

"What a nuisance this is!—haven't you seen enough of me inside?" said Pounce, in loud tones of protest, with his breast swelling with gratification for all that.

"We haven't been in, Tommy," a shrill voice replied.

"Then go in on Monday, and make up for it."

There was a general laugh at this. What a funny, free-and-easy, jolly fellow this great man was! No stuck-up airs, no holding himself aloof from his admirers.

"Give us a horder then, old bloke," shrieked another *gamin*, at whose legs Tommy cut playfully with his whip as he ascended the box, followed by one of his grooms. The second had already installed us in the interior of the drag—far too roomy and breezy and conspicuous a vehicle for the night—and had taken his place on the back steps. The horses pranced and shook their heads, and then were off, dashing along without any regard for the lives and limbs of her Majesty's subjects, who were still thick in the murky streets. A parting cheer from the boys made me lower my head quickly with confusion, although I tried hard to conceal any signs of my distress from Katie. She must not know how weak I was, and how all the strangeness of that night had unnerved me.

I felt her hand press mine.

"This is not very elegant, Faith," she said, in a quick whisper, "but it's a great compliment from the Colossal, and it suits my purpose to be complimented. Still, for all that, he's an ignorant cur, and I hate him!"

"Are you all right there, ladies?" asked the ignorant cur, suddenly, looking over his shoulder at us.

"Yes, thank you, Mr. Pounce," replied Katie, in a soft and pleasant voice, "and not at all nervous. How beautifully you drive!"

"Yes, I manage them pretty well now," he said, after bringing us against a curb-stone with a force that jerked the groom off the steps, who quickly recovered himself, and came back to his post with his hat covered with mud—"but I shall drop the game soon. Baxter likes it, and pays extra for it, but I'm blest if it's a good thing for my throat."

"Ah! you must take care of that," said Katie, demurely.

She made a wry face toward me at the same time, but I could not smile yet; my head seemed to bend lower and lower in spite of me. All was so unreal about me still, so full of deceit, and devoid of any honest instinct, that I felt that I should never understand this world of vanity into which I had followed Katie, or ever be happy again until I had led her from it and from the many dangers by which it was hemmed in.

CHAPTER XVI.

KATIE'S HOME.

OUR way lay over one of the bridges, and toward Charing Cross. In the broad thoroughfares we attracted considerable attention, being out of place with the hour and the season; people stopped to look after us, and to wonder, as well they might, what was meant by it. If there were any by-standers to enlighten the most curious, why, so much the better for the Hall of Harmony and the colossal Pounce—it was one step nearer immortality. Pounce did not speak much during the drive; he had his horses on his mind, and they were fresh and restive; but when we were proceeding up St. Martin's Lane he gave the reins to the groom beside him, and coolly clambered over into the drag.

"I say, Katie, you'll turn up to-morrow at old Grew's party?" he asked, as he sat down facing us.

"No, I shall not be able to come," said my sister, in reply.

"Oh! confound it, I hope you will," Pounce continued. "It's the only day we can get a little talk together, and there'll be lots of people you'll like to meet."

"I am very sorry, but I am engaged to-morrow."

"You've got over all that nonsense about Sunday parties now? It's all very fine for people to talk of Sunday as they do who can meet any day in the week they like—ain't it, miss?"

This was addressed to me, and I said,

"I have been brought up to regard Sunday with some degree of reverence."

"Oh! have you? Well, you're lucky," he answered, after considering my answer for a moment. "I was brought up like it too, but in my profession I found it impossible to study that game."

I was about to answer him again with all the fervor born of my four years' apprenticeship to Uncle Jef, when I felt Katie's hand pressing my arm, and I stopped for her sake. I had no hope of making a convert of Tommy Pounce, and, after a moment's reflection, no desire to argue with him. He turned to Katie and expressed a wish that she would think better of it, and look in at Grew's, if it were only for a minute: every body expected her, and a good engagement might come of it, he added, significantly. Katie was firm on this occasion, and said No very decisively; and Mr. Pounce looked for an instant aggrieved, and finally crest-fallen and thoughtful.

"I made sure that you would come, or I wouldn't have gone near 'em—upon my soul I wouldn't," he said, in conclusion; then he sprang up and launched so formidable an oath at the driver for going the wrong way that it curdled the blood in my veins, and made me shrink closer to my sister.

"Didn't I tell you that I wanted to go to Long Acre? what are you passing the place for, you infernal fool?" he roared, and he continued to scold his coachman until we turned and drew up before a big block of buildings in the locality referred to.

"Here?" I said.

"Yes; my nest is up there on the second floor, Faith.

> "'On a second floor, for evermore,
> You must live and die with Katie.'"

"I wish you had said as much to me," said Pounce, gallantly; and Katie laughed and told him not to be foolish; and so the bad temper or the disappointment of the Colossal vanished away at parting. Katie let herself in with a latch-key after we had bidden Mr. Pounce good-night, and closing the door behind us, she led the way up a broad but indifferently clean flight of stairs to her own room. A light tap at the first door on the second floor brought a smart-looking servant-maid to admit us, and I was in Katie's home at last—a bright, well-furnished suit of rooms, wherein Katie bustled to and fro with all her old vivacity.

"Now, Faith, before supper you must tell me of yourself," she said, "and afterward you may lecture me. That is a fair division of labor, before we talk of what is to become of us."

If her light vein jarred upon me, I was glad to witness it. She was happy: the family trouble had not affected her seriously; she had shaken it off along with her old name. And yet perhaps it was my presence that gave her new life that night, for as she passed from one room to another she would touch my shoulder lightly, or rest her hand upon my hair, saying, more than once, "I am so glad to see your dear old face! I am not alone now, am I?" The maid was sent on various errands connected with supper for an extra and unlooked-for personage, and Katie was busy herself seeing that the table was laid completely to her satisfaction, making numerous inquiries about me and my past life, as she tripped about the room. Before the supper was over—and an expensive supper of cold fowl and ham from the pastry-cook's it proved to be, startling my sense of economy a great deal—I had related all the news of my return to London, the disappointment which had met me at the offices of Westmair & Co., the life in Dorset Street, where I had struggled against misfortune, and looked round vainly for my sister. Katie listened with attention, but did not make many comments upon my narrative. In those parts which told of my trouble, she stretched forth her hand and touched mine in sympathy; when the name of Dick Simmons was mentioned she smiled and shrugged her shoulders; and when I had concluded she sat silent for a while, considering the whole position, and taking her cue from it.

"It will be my turn now," said Katie, "when Mary has gone to her room for good. See, I put off the evil day as long as I can. Philosophy, Faith, not cowardice."

We were sitting before the fire together at last, and I was thinking what a graceful and beautiful girl she had grown—with only seventeen years of life to her credit, I did not consider her a woman—when she said, suddenly,

"You are not one-and-twenty yet, Faith."

"No, not yet."

"Not of age," she added, lightly, "so you must not rebuke too severely one who never took kindly to advice. In the language of the law we are both infants, dear."

"Oh! but I am three years and a half older than you," I said, "and have a right to advise you."

"I don't question the right—only the necessity," replied Katie; "for, of the two, who knows more of life, do you think?"

"Of this life—you," I answered, with a sigh.

"Very well," she said, quickly, "and that is my sphere, where I have to fight my way for myself and—for you."

"Oh! not for me," I cried.

"You see danger in my profession, Faith—I do not disguise the fact that there *is* danger, but not to me," she said. "I faced the world so early, father left me so completely alone, that I have been for years on self-defense. There! you need not fear for me. If this world which scares you has its trials and temptations—has more evil than good in it—I am on my guard and know myself."

"You like it, you are happy in it; and, oh! you are so young!"

"Sometimes I think I am a little old woman in that disguise," she answered, "I am so calculating as to my chances, so very mercenary and hard! No, not very young, Faith."

She looked older as she spoke, with her large hazel eyes fixed upon the fire-light.

"What made you think of this?"

"What was I to think, when the truth suddenly came out that father had been taking the Westmairs' money? I was as alone in the world as you were yesterday, and there was no one to offer me," she added, with a little bitterness, "a life more *respectable*. I had a voice; one of my pupils had not wholly failed in this profession that alarms you; I was young, and not particularly a fright; I had always had my nerves under control; and I thought of the hated music-halls as an escape from drudgery. I hate drudgery."

"Well?" I said, breathlessly.

"I asked my old pupil to allow me to sing for her benefit, as a Miss Baskerville, from America—"

"Oh!" I exclaimed.

"Courage! In misfortune, as in war, every thing is fair. I had immense confidence in myself," she said, speaking with great volubility, "and I was determined to succeed by every means in my power. I fought hard, Faith, and I made my first appearance with success—think of that! *success* in these skeptical times—and was engaged from that night at a fair salary. I dare say if I had failed I should have killed myself," she added, with a momentary contraction of her forehead, "but I did not think that I should give way. It all seemed very easy to me."

"Easy! at your age and with your inexperience?"

"I knew that I could sing and dance—and a little voice and a great deal of impudence make a tremendous way with the patrons of these places. Look at that wretched and illiterate Pounce who drove us home, and who would make his fortune if his love of display did not lead him to spend his money as fast as he earns it. I essayed comic singing, comic dancing, any thing to attract applause from people whom a little pleased, and—the result is that I am enabled to earn my own living. I was a professional from America—not a *débutante*—and Tilly and I played our cards well, and deceived the wiseacres for once. I know you don't like deceit—neither do I, for deceit's sake—but it was my one hope, and I could not shut my eyes to it and starve, as Faith Kirby would have done."

"Yes," I said, thoughtfully, "I would have preferred to starve, Kate."

"I think you would, but I am calculating, vain, bold; I long to resist trouble, not succumb to it," she cried. "I can't lie down and be trampled upon by the rush of a crowd too busy to pick me up and ask what is the matter with me."

She spoke with excitement, with her little white hands clasped, and her eyes flashing with that fire at her heart which fluttered the bosom of her dress; and I could but own how stronger and more persevering a nature hers was than mine, even if in owning it I sorrowed for it. More than that, I confessed to myself that she was an enigma to me, that I did not understand her, and that in her misdirected power and energy I saw a great deal to deplore. I was bewildered that night; she overmastered me; I could not see my way for her good or my own; I sat baffled by her side.

"Ah, Faith," she said, stealing her arms round my neck, after a long silence, and drawing my head upon her breast, as I had drawn hers before I went away, "you think that I am a very scheming and ill-principled young woman. I am not that, I hope, although I know one so much better than myself that I can hardly look into her eyes. You think that I am hap-

py in this life, but I have only forced myself to be content with it."

"Would you be glad if I followed in your steps? I have a little voice of my own too. I used to lead the chapel-singing in Pietermaritzburg."

I said this to try her, and she answered, quickly and warmly,

"No—God forbid! You could not stoop to win your way; you are nervous, and would die of shame at the first sight of a half-drunken mob before you; you are not funny, and I am."

She uttered these last words with more bitterness still, as though the relation of her story, or the allusion to her life, had deepened her intensity of feeling.

"I shall never be happy again, Kate, till I have rescued you from this."

"You rescue me!" she said, in a pitying tone. "Ah! how is that possible?"

"Till you have rescued yourself, then. Oh, Katie! you will try to do that?"

"I am trying," she replied—"that is, when I can escape this life I will. I despise the people by whom I am surrounded, them and their lies and lives. But the old question will come uppermost—what can I do?"

It was a question that puzzled me, and I was silent. I could not mention any thing in which her young and vigorous nature would believe. The victory was on her side, and I was vexed at my helplessness. She noticed my sad looks, as, with her natural quickness, she appeared to notice every thing, and said, quickly,

"The story is ended, and we shall not dwell upon it again. The life is not such a horrible one as you fancy; there is attraction in it; and every body is in too much of a hurry to interfere with you. Do you understand me?"

"I think I do."

"And now shall we say amen to all the past, Faith?"

"Not yet."

"Not yet!" she echoed, in surprise; "why, we are not going to begin again, I hope."

"No; but there is much that perplexes me—much that has been said against you."

"You mean that Mrs. Simmons has said the worst of me that she could. Oh! never mind her."

"So good and true a woman is she in many things, Kate, that I have been sorry for her hard words respecting you."

"What does she know of me?" cried Kate, indignantly. "I deceived her about the rent a little, because father deceived me, and when she spoke her mind I spoke mine in return, after a habit that I am not likely to lose."

"Oh, Katie! she lays the blame of her son's drunkenness, the great change that has come to him, at your door."

"That is like a mother," said Katie. "I couldn't help it, if that weak-minded fellow chose to pay me attention. I kept him in his place as much as I could, considering that we were living in the same house, but I didn't wish to make him my enemy as well as his mother. A selfish calculation—but I *am* calculating—and I liked poor Dick for many things. He knew my profession and never told any body; and though he has haunted me night after night wherever I have sung, he promised me when I went away to keep my secret always, and he has done so. If he had betrayed me to his mother, I should have had her persecuting me for arrears."

"He knew all, then, and yet he saw that my anxiety concerning you was killing me."

"He never speaks to me—he hasn't done so for months. I told him if he ever talked any more nonsense that I should hate him, and that if he were silent I would meet him some day and be friends with him, just as we used to be."

I thought of the first meeting in the fog with Richard Simmons.

"And you intended to keep that promise?"

"Yes," replied Katie, "some very long day hence, when he had cured himself of all his maudlin sentiments. He is very foolish. He spent half his wages following me about, until I got him on the free list of some of the places at which I sing. He was grateful; it bribed him into silence, and I was left in peace."

"What a study all this has been!" I said, regretfully.

"I found it hard to save money—harder to part with it to pay father's debts," said Katie. "Something was always turning up to rob me of that which I had put by—either a dress that I fancied, or some one wanting money of me to stave off a claim; but it has been always on my mind to pay Mrs. Simmons, and I have made many efforts. Give me credit for them, Faith. I began to save again when I was in the provinces, and next week she *shall* have her money—there! What are you brooding upon now?"

"How to get you away," I answered.

"What, still! after you have asked me to save myself, as the task was beyond you? Why, Faith, I have to think of you first."

"Not yet—not to-night."

"My self-possession, self-assertion, worldliness, amazes you?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied, frankly.

"There is a great deal of show in it," she said, in a whisper, as if she were afraid that her maid should hear her and betray her. "I try hard to be worldly; that is all I scheme and plot for, and against many things; for rivals, detractors, and calumniators are on every side of me. I fight hard battles with adversity, and win many of them; but I am very weary of it, for all my talk, my dear."

It was her turn to lay her head upon my breast, and let me soothe her there. She looked at last like the child whom I had left behind.

"I wonder what would have happened had I never gone away," I murmured.

"Why did you go?" she asked, in a low tone; then, before I could reply, she started from my arms, and dashed a tear or two from her eyes, as if ashamed of the weakness into which she had been betrayed.

"There is one way out of this life!" she cried.

"What is that?"

"For some one to marry me. Some poor fool of the Dick Simmons class of brain," she said, scornfully, "who, full of my imaginary virtues, and attracted by my voice, or style, or face, should fall in love with me. Some one like Dick, only handsomer and richer. Actresses and singers have their admirers and silent worshipers, and I am not without them. That bouquet was sent to-night from some one who haunts me as Dick has done—some one who pays me pretty compliments. You see, instead of a worldly woman for a sister, you have one very childish and romantic."

"Are you laughing at me, or is this sober reality?" I asked.

"Neither; only a foolish dream, Faith," she answered, quickly. "There, it vanishes away!"

She sprang up, and shook her hands in the air, as though she shook away a fancy born of folly, and flitted about the room again, locking up various little things in her cellaret, gathering together articles which she intended presently to take to her room, talking all the while her commonplaces about the night, the hour, the weather, the fire burning in the bedroom which I was to share with her, and thus dismissing tacitly the one great subject with which her heart and mine were full. I did not know then that she had dismissed it forever, that for once and all she had told her story, listened to my weak arguments, and overpowered me with her defense. When I reapproached the subject it was in her room, and she was jesting as pleasantly as if no trouble at her heart were heavier than the thistle-down. She stopped me very quickly.

"We are not going to talk of this any more until you or I can change it, Faith," she said—"never any more."

It was a firm, fair face into which I looked, and though I rebelled against the interdict, I did not dispute it. I was glad to be at rest, to feel that I had found my darling, to be convinced by my own sanguine nature that, whatever might be the constitution of the world, or of its innumerable temptations, I was once more a friend at her side, and that she was glad to have me there.

Book the Second.
THE SISTERS.

CHAPTER I.
ANOTHER BEGINNING.

To say that in sharing Katie's life, or in taking my place in Katie's home, I ever settled down, would be a misstatement of the facts. There was no settling down in this unreal sphere, for there was no becoming used to it. If I felt myself growing with every day more powerless to act, I felt none the less the impracticability of reconciling myself to all the vanities by which I was surrounded. I do not seek to convey the impression that I was a very religious girl, or that I was as perfectly right as Katie was completely wrong. I was a woman of many faults, Heaven knows. My religion was a second-hand one, modeled on Uncle Jef's—a religion that did not make much allowance for the contrarieties of our poor humanity, and was in its way narrow and ascetical. Probably it was based also on a very good opinion of myself, for had I not my vanities also in the early days of my return to England? I thought that I must be right in many things, and I had the impression that people would own I was right, and act as I wished them, after a careful deliberation on the matter of my argument. Therein I was deceived, as might have been expected from the outset. No one thought of me much; the few who did—my father and Katie—considered me a helpless kind of young woman, requiring much support and kindness; of my power to influence others, or to turn others to my way of thinking, I had no outward and visible proof. Katie was affectionate and good-tempered, but firm; she would not listen to my reasonings; on the night we first met, she had answered me, and there was an end of it. When things could be altered in any way, or by any means, then would be the time to give up the present life; but till the opportunity presented itself, it was no use making her unhappy. She would not starve for a theory; she was earning her own living; when there was a higher mode of fulfilling that important mission, she would not be blind to the advantage of adopting it. Meanwhile, let her be.

Not seeing my way ahead, all being very impenetrable, I did not preach to Katie on the moral disadvantages of her profession. I was not "a worry;" I could only watch anxiously for something better in the future, and pray that it might take us presently from a miserable little world that I could not help despising.

With that world I could not mix. It was on all sides repellent to me, and though I generally accompanied Katie from one music-hall to another, I made no friends or acquaintances, and I kept to my sister's dressing-rooms until it was time to leave, shuddering at her costumes and hating her profession worse with every hour of my life. The people who seemed her friends, and who called her "Katie dear," were my especial abhorrence, disguise the fact as I might for Katie's sake. There were good, bad, and indifferent in their midst, the indifferent predominating; but I distrusted all of them, and saw danger to Katie in their acquaintance. They seemed to live solely for the applause of the crowd; they sang, danced, and grimaced for it, and in their poor conceits they considered it the praise of the great public. The hooting of a mob of boys and girls, and half-tipsy clerks, and men about town, was the sweet incense of adulation for which they strove with an eagerness that was remarkable, deplorable, and yet so natural. The more I saw about me, the less I was surprised at my sister's success. Katie was a clever actress—not a genius, but with a power of conceiving character, and gifted with a sweet young voice that might have been trained to nobler uses and higher successes; and those by whom she was surrounded were, for the most part, vain and ignorant people, with abilities of so common an order that even mediocrity took high honors among them, and made itself popular by sheer force of contrast with the incapable.

Katie studied hard. I had not been many days with her before I was surprised at her indefatigability; at the house she would practice her songs at the piano, and rehearse her characters before the cheval-glass in her bedroom.

"This sort of thing generally leads to the stage, Faith," she condescended to explain; "the best of us drift off to the legitimate burlesque."

"Is that your ambition?" I asked, sadly.

"My ambition is to rise somehow," she replied, decisively, "and I think that I shall succeed. Have I not two to care for now?"

And here her arms were round me in her natural impulsiveness.

"Oh, Katie!" I said, returning her caress, "that will not be for long. This is only my halting-place until I recover breath to fight my second battle. I must not be dependent upon you, and upon this life."

"How proud you are!" cried Katie. "When you are rich, I will not mind being supported in the least. You and I, Faith, for each other."

"I hope so—always."

Perhaps I was not so sanguine concerning that idea as I had been only a few days back. I did not see how to support Katie. I was determined that Katie should not support me long by singing at a music-hall. That had become a shame which kindled the color in my face with every passing word concerning it. I analyzed the newspaper advertisements every morning still, answering a few, while Katie shrugged her shoulders at my efforts.

"I know what unprofitable work that is," she said; "and, my dear Faith, where are your references?"

"They will come presently from Pietermaritzburg."

"No one will believe in Pietermaritzburg; and meanwhile—?"

"Meanwhile I vouch for part of my story, and ask for time to prove the rest."

"You are wasting more of that material than you are likely to have granted you," said Katie, dryly.

"I would not mind a situation at a milliner's; I think that I might work my way there."

"Work your way into your grave, you mean."

"I have an idea of opening a school."

"Schools take years to establish," replied my sister. "When I have saved some money—and I am going to save tremendously—you shall hear of *my* plans."

"Tell me what they are now."

"No—not yet," she answered, laughingly.

I was surprised at the extent of Katie's income, when she had informed me one day of the sum realized by her singing nightly at three establishments. There was enough and to spare, though she was not coining money as rapidly as Tommy Pounce was.

"Every body tells me how cheap I am at the price," she said, "but no one sees that I am feeling my way—paving the ground for higher salaries, and larger letters in the bills! Presently I will be terribly extortionate, Faith; for the more that is earned, the sooner I am quit of the profession."

"Ah, you say that to please me," I cried.

"No; I *don't intend*," she added, with emphasis, "to be Katie Baskerville all my life; I keep my eyes open—nothing escapes them; I am a horrid little lynx at heart."

"But—"

"But we have given up argument about it," she said. "It is understood that a big stone is set over it until you or I can roll it away. I am a woman of business."

In many respects she was business-like. She answered her letters with dispatch; she made her engagements in a smart, business-like way, and entered them in a small pocket diary, neatly ruled and lettered for the purpose. She was always full of bustle and life, a clear-headed, clear-sighted, worldly little woman, who I began to think would have succeeded in most things on which she had set her heart. But she was not all that I could have wished, and I was thankful that I was at her side, capable in one direction, at least, of exerting some small influence. For instance—a fortnight had elapsed, when I ventured to remind her of her past promise to repay our family debt to Mrs. Simmons.

"Oh! I had forgotten that dreadful woman," she said, peevishly, as she beat her little hands together for an instant; "I would have put her off for ever so long, till I could have paid her without missing the money."

"She took pity upon me, Kate," I said.

"Then I'll forgive her, and pay her to-day—the crab-apple!" said Katie, starting up. "You must make haste, Faith, or all my good resolutions will ooze out at my fingers' ends."

Possibly her good resolutions did waver, for when a Hansom cab was proceeding down Dorset Street—Katie would have a Hansom, as the most expeditious method of reaching the old home—she said,

"We're in a great hurry to fling good money away, and to have impudence back for our pains. Don't you think that Mrs. Simmons might wait another week?"

"I think that she has waited too long already."

"I try to pay my own debts, but when it comes to father's it *is* a little hard."

"We are all of one family."

"Oh, good gracious! you'll want me to pay something for Uncle Jef next, or perhaps make good to the Westmairs all that father took."

"If you and I could do that, Katie—if we only could, it would make amends for a great deal."

"Those poor Westmairs were badly treated—I do wish they may get it, certainly."

I looked quickly into her face, but it was a quiet little face enough—only the tone of her voice had startled me with its irony, or its jest at an affliction which had nearly broken my heart. Perhaps I had been mistaken, for she said afterward, in a more natural tone,

"I shall be glad to see father soon. I don't think his strength will keep up against prison fare and prison rules. His was always a weak constitution."

We were at Mrs. Simmons's door before I could reply, and Mrs. Simmons's face was pressed against the window-glass, first in curiosity, and then in blank astonishment. It was Mrs. Simmons, baby in arms, who opened the street-door and asked us to walk in—who would not have shaken hands with me in her parlor, had I not offered my own and insisted upon it—who rather demurred to my kissing her baby, as it had "only just gone off to sleep," she said—and who regarded Katie with a stony stare far from indicative of any friendly feeling toward her.

"I didn't think to see you again, after frightening me with a letter at twelve o'clock that Saturday night," said Mrs. Simmons; "but it's better late than never, I s'pose."

"I have not been ungrateful—I have been thinking of you a great deal," I replied.

"It's quite natural you should have gone to her," said Mrs. Simmons, "but hardly that she should have been glad to—"

Here she paused, probably out of a faint degree of respect for her visitors' feelings, for she did not complete her sentence, but inquired with a little sniff if we had called for any thing in particular.

"We have called to pay the back rent, and all back claims," said Katie, petulantly. "Will you state what they are, please?"

"You know them as well as I do, I dare say."

"No, I do not."

"Well, there's thirteen pounds six shillings for the rent."

"And my sister's board and lodging until she went away?" inquired Katie.

"I've nothing to charge for that." Here Mrs. Simmons set her lips together, and looked sourer than ever.

"I would prefer to pay in full of all demands, Mrs. Simmons," said Katie.

"Why?" was the short question asked.

"You will be saying presently that she went away in your debt, ungrateful for every thing you had done for her; but neither she nor I wish to be indebted to you."

"I shall never say a word against *her*," said Mrs. Simmons with emphasis, and without casting a glance in my direction; "she's the best of you Kirbys, and she did the best for me in my trouble, as I hope I did for her."

I replied that I was sure she did, and was about to add that still the debt of obligation remained, when she said, more harshly,

"Don't you say a word about it to me. I don't want to hear it. If you're dead set on paying me back, do it in some other way than money, which you may be able to do—which I may even ask you to do, if I live. You'll not be always with your sister—she's one easily tired of every body."

"Oh, Faith is a shocking trial to me—so dreadfully good—so very unlike me," cried Katie, laughing the more heartily as Mrs. Simmons's brow contracted with the hilarity manifested.

It was an unpleasant and unsatisfactory meeting, and I was glad when it was at an end. There was no power of mine, or upon earth, to reconcile Mrs. Simmons with Kate Kirby. They were utterly opposed to each other—irreconcilable atoms of humankind, impossible to coalesce. Mrs. Simmons did not even thank her for the money of which she had long ago despaired, and which fell like golden manna upon the poverty-haunted domicile in Dorset Street. She took it as her legal right, and wrote out her receipt with formality, and with much spluttering of ink, and a general smearing of the document and the baby, her infant being clutched to her breast, and writing not being an art in which she had ever excelled.

Then we went away—Katie flouncing out a few moments before me, without saying good-morning to her old landlady. As she passed out of the parlor, Mrs. Simmons said, quickly,

"This is your doings, Faith."

"No. She had always made up her mind to pay you."

"I don't believe it," was the flat denial. "But there, she's your relation—not mine, thank goodness!"

"How is your son?" I asked, anxious to change the subject of discourse.

"About the same," she answered. "Was it you that followed him, after all? Where did he go? How did you find your sister out? He tells me nothing."

"Don't ask me. I would rather not say yet awhile."

"You are ashamed of her already?" she cried.

"No; that is unjust, but I can't explain now. She would not wish me."

"Oh, if you have got to study her, you're in for a fine thing," said Mrs. Simmons, with her old impatient jerk of the chin that I knew so well.

"Good-by," I said. "You are not angry with me?"

"Angry with you, girl? No. But I shall never have patience with that other one."

"Ah, you don't understand her."

She stood up and kissed me, and a few moments afterward I was closing the door of the

house in Dorset Street behind me. It was going away in earnest from the old home and the old life then.

"I told you how it would be," said Kate, when I had re-entered the cab with her. "I have flung away my money, and been insulted for my pains. What a little fool I was to pay her a penny!"

"I don't think so," I answered, quietly.

"Well, there's an end to the Dorset Street den," she said, after a short silence, "and I am glad of that at least."

"We were born there, you and I. I was your governess, and almost your mother, in those up-stairs rooms for thirteen years, Kate."

"So you were," she answered, in a different tone; "I have not forgotten it. I should have been a worse woman long ago, Faith, if I had not remembered it at times."

She was very thoughtful till we emerged into the broader thoroughfare of Fleet Street, then the light mood rippled to the surface, born, as it were, of the busy life about us, and which she seemed to love. She hummed the air of her last serio-comic ballad as we were driven home to Long Acre.

CHAPTER II.

THREE LETTERS.

WITH the next five months of my life I need not detain the reader very long. During that period nothing came in my way that offered a chance of taking Katie from her sphere. She was my protectress; I was not hers, as I had hoped to be in the conceit of my superior years. What I should have done without her, I often wondered then—I have often marveled at since—and yet I was never wholly grateful for the shelter of her home, and forever dissatisfied with the means which constituted it a home for both of us. In those five months Katie shifted from one music-hall to another, returning to Mr. Baxter's more than once, each time with an addition to her salary, which he grumbled at, but invariably consented to, and at which triumph over his exchequer Katie rejoiced a great deal. In those five months I had not received a line from Uncle Jef. Now that there was no reason for Katie's keeping her residence a secret from the Dorset Street folk, I had written to Mrs. Simmons and requested her to forward on all letters for me. I had written also from my new address to Pietermaritzburg, but there had been no answer back. I had called at the office which had first sent out Jeffery Kirby to the Cape, and they had no reason to believe that any thing had happened to him, although he had not, up to the present date, sent back his receipt for the last half-year's salary. That something had happened I was almost certain; but I wrote with every mail—and I kept on hoping for the best.

There had been another visit to Holloway Prison, on this occasion by Katie, who had argued with me that it was her turn, and whom I let go in my place with reluctance.

"He will be glad to see me. He has not seen me since they took him from Dorset Street. Oh, that dreadful night!" said Katie, shuddering. "What would he think if I were to stop away this time?"

She had been the favorite daughter, and what could I say? That I was anxious to note a change for the better in him, and that I was uneasy at his not writing to us, even when the prison rules allowed. I was more likely to render him miserable, Katie thought, and she said what she thought, and then went in my stead.

I was surprised to find how little my sister had to say when she returned, and what a cross and puzzled face it was of hers, rather than of any deep solicitude. She put up with all my eager questioning, though scarcely with an easy grace. The journey had distracted her, and she was irritable.

Had she seen any difference in him? Yes, a great deal. He was in the infirmary ward, and looked close to death's door. Had he said any thing about the robbery? Not a word, and she hadn't been brute enough to mention the subject herself. (This was not intended for a home-thrust, though it came at me like a stab.) Was he hopeful or despondent? Oh, very hopeful in his way; full of his old rubbish about his coming riches, and prophesying wonders before the next two years. Did she tell him what she was doing? Yes. Why shouldn't she? Did he seem to mind that? Not at all. Did she mention Uncle Jef to him? No, she forgot it. Uncle Jef never troubled *her* mind, being much too good for her acquaintance. Did she mention me? To be sure, and father was glad to hear that I was in good hands.

These were the principal questions and their answers. There were various little changes rung upon them, till Katie began to read the newspaper over her tea, and to answer absently.

The newspaper helped her to turn the conversation effectually.

"Why, Faith, here's an advertisement that might suit you. Shall I read it?"

"If you like."

Katie read it aloud. It was an advertisement for a governess and companion to a young lady, and it enumerated in lengthy detail the accomplishments and virtues that would be required of the applicant. It mentioned French, Italian, and German by way of foreign languages, not as deep studies, but as preliminary lessons leading up to studies under future masters. It emphasized English by adding "sound and good" before it. It dwelt upon music, sacred and secular, and it trusted that no one would apply who was not accustomed to teaching, and had not her heart in her profession. It required authority, but great kindness and much Christianity of feeling; and it mentioned that the very large sum of a hundred and twenty pounds per annum would be given by way of salary, by X. Y. Z., No. 434 Belgrave Square, to any lady who was really suitable for the post in question.

"I have seen that," I replied, when Katie had finished.

"Have you answered it?"

"No."

"You are tired of this up-hill work—you give in, and save me a fortune in postage stamps," cried Katie.

"I have not given in," I answered, with a sigh, "but it does not seem suitable for me."

"Why?"

"It is too big for my capabilities altogether."

"Never think too little of yourself, my sister," answered Katie. "The world takes a poor young person like you at her own valuation."

When Katie had gone away in her hired brougham to the music-halls, whither I did not always accompany her now, having, as it were, more confidence in her powers of taking care of herself—I made up my mind to answer the advertisement which had attracted my sister's notice. I had no belief in my chance, but I wrote under the impression that it was not right to neglect it, and even under the conviction that Katie had called attention to the advertisement in the hope that I should reply to it. Was she growing tired of me? I thought, remembering suddenly Mrs. Simmons's past prophecy—or, better thought than that, was she more weary of the profession which she had adopted, and would be glad in her heart to give up?

Meanwhile I wrote out my application, told part of my story, hinted that my references were at Pietermaritzburg, spoke of myself in as glowing terms as my modesty would allow, dwelt upon my aptitude for teaching as a strong point, and skimmed lightly over the foreign language clause, French and Italian being partly familiar to me, thanks to a studious uncle's teaching in the South African colony, but German being still an unknown tongue. The letter was sealed and ready for delivery before Katie's return. My sister brought two letters in with her, and stood for a moment regarding my missive with surprise.

"What's that?" she asked—"for me?"

"No. I have answered the advertisement."

"What advertisement?"

I was not surprised at Katie's forgetfulness; I had long ago discovered that hers was not a retentive memory, save in matters exclusively her own, when not an item ever escaped her. She had pained me more than once by her aptitude to forget any thing that related particularly to me; but then she had enough on her own mind, poor Kate, without thinking deeply of my little cares. It was natural that she should forget them, but I did not see the matter always in its right light, and felt myself aggrieved at times.

"The advertisement for a governess to a young lady," I replied.

"Ah, yes, I remember," said Katie, carelessly. "Was it worth replying to? I thought that you did not see the necessity."

"I thought afterward I would write a few lines. Do you know, Katie, I fancied that you wished it yourself."

Katie had removed her bonnet and cloak, and was sitting in her easy-chair before the fire, a tired beauty, with clasped hands and thoughtful eyes. The two letters that she had brought in with her lay in her lap, one unsealed, the other still unopened. She did not look up as she replied to me.

"I might have had a passing thought that it was better for you, Faith—that you were not happy here."

"I am as happy as I can be under circumstances that should keep us both grave," I said; "and of course I do not like to feel dependent upon you."

"That's a right feeling enough. I am not reproaching you," she answered, still very thoughtfully.

"I would be glad to reverse the position, and have you dependent upon me," I said.

"I wish to Heaven that you could," she replied, with a flash of energy that died out almost before the last words were spoken; for she sat there thoughtful and apathetic the instant afterward.

"This grand situation, Katie, for example—this impossible post for which I am applying—why, a hundred and twenty pounds a year would enable you to live quietly in some little place where I could see you very often, and where you could rest apart from this terrible life until an opening as good as mine came to yourself."

"I should not want *all* your money, Faith; you could not afford to give it me; don't talk in that childish fashion; it is only aggravating."

I was surprised at her petulance.

"I should not want much, and there would be enough for you if—"

"If I were not ambitious," she cried, interrupting me; "if I had the courage to give up this terrible life, as you call it. Well, Faith, *when* the chance comes, ask me."

"You would not say no!" I exclaimed.

"I don't think that I would," she answered, after a moment's steady survey of the bright red fire, which we were glad to see even in those evenings late in May; "I should not be sorry to escape; God knows, I hate them all enough."

It was so seldom that she betrayed any feeling of grief or passion, that the sudden spreading of her hands before her face to hide its agitation from me was like a new mystery leaping to the foreground.

"Katie, dear, something has happened," I said, bending over her; "will you tell me what it is?"

"Don't ask me; it isn't worth a thought; I'm a fool, that's all."

"But—"

"But let me be; you can't advise me; no one can do me any good. Mine is a silly fancy that has died out as it deserved to do. Don't ask me what it is; only see, there's an end of it forever."

She suddenly snatched at the open letter in her lap, and thrust it into the fire, so recklessly and with such vehemence that I gave a little scream as the flame flickered at the lace trimming of her sleeve and scorched a portion of it into tinder.

Her left hand had crushed out every spark immediately; she was not so alarmed for her safety as I had been.

"You are nervous, Faith; I don't know what I shall do with you presently," she said, with a forced laugh. "I have only burned a little of my lace."

"And you will not tell me any thing, then?" I asked, reproachfully.

"There is so little to tell, Faith," she replied, in her old tones; "and you are so fond of cross-examination in your womanly curiosity, that I never care to begin."

"I will not cross-examine you at all, if you will give me some idea of your trouble," I urged. "Why should we have any secrets from each other?"

"I can't tell," she answered; "I'm fond of secrets, perhaps; I'm not outspoken assuredly. But you may know as much as this, that there's a man at the bottom of it; that I have been inclined to fall in love with him, and that he has had a kind of sneaking fancy for me, and that it is all over."

"Was it the gentleman who sent the bouquet one night, when you first brought me home—when you said that you were romantic?"

"What a dreadful memory you have! you ought to have forgotten all that nonsense."

"I have often wondered—"

"Yes, I know. You have been always wondering," she cried. "Well, it was he, and in his way he *was* a gentleman. He found out that he was too much of a gentleman for my acquaintance, though, and I discovered that he was not gentleman enough to give me credit for all that he should have done, and so we quarreled, and there's his last dying speech and confession."

She pointed to the fire, and laughed pleasantly enough as she concluded; but, actress though she was, I knew her heart was aching that night.

"And you have never told me a word of this," I said, reproachfully. "How is it that you have met without my knowledge—how is it that—"

"We did meet, that's all, Faith. Remember there is to be no cross-examination of the defendant."

I was silent after this remonstrance. She fell once more into thought, though she affected to be singing softly to herself, and I was left to marvel at that romance of her life which had flowed on so noiselessly beside me, and I never the wiser by a word or look. I could remember many excuses for her going out in the afternoon and early evening alone now, and I reconciled these departures with the lovers' meetings, which might be never again for her. Yes, I *was* of a curious nature, for I longed for the details of a love story that she had made up her mind not to tell me—how it had begun, and what had put an end to it. Who was the lover, what he was like, and when had the beginning of love first given hope to her heart. It was very strange that I should not know this, and that even to Katie I seemed undeserving of a sister's confidence. Something akin to my last thought suggested itself to her, for she said, suddenly,

"I don't tell you a long story, Faith, for the simple reason that I know what a silly I have been, and that I can not dwell upon any thing which sets me in a ridiculous light. But, my girl, I am not heart-broken—I am not going to let down my back hair, and run about with a whole stableful of straw in my hands, as that misguided young woman in 'Hamlet' did—I am for myself alone."

"And for me a little?" I asked.

"Yes—for you a little! For a moment, Faith, I had almost forgotten you, and yet what a good, brave woman you are!"

"And when the time comes, and the power is in my hands to help you, you will come to me, Katie?"

"Yes, with all my heart," she murmured.

She turned away her head beneath my caress, and I was sure that tears were falling in the fire-light, though she did not care that I should be a witness to her weakness.

She recovered herself very quickly; the enviable art of concealing her emotions, or shaking them away, was hers in an extraordinary degree, the result of early struggling in the world, combined with a natural power of self-repression.

"What a time that girl is with the supper-tray!" were her next words, "and I am dreadfully hungry."

When the supper was brought in she did not show much signs of hunger, however; and when the tray was carried away after supper, she suddenly put her second letter into my hands.

"I forgot to say, Faith, that that's for you."

"For me?" I said, in astonishment.

"Yes, and I know what's in it, too. But read for yourself."

I opened the note, and read as follows:

"Mr. Baxter presents his compliments to Miss Kirby, and requests the favor of her company to the annual picnic of the artistes of his establishment at Bushy Park, on Wednesday morning next. The carriages will start from the Hall of Harmony at ten in the morning, precisely. An answer will oblige."

"I—I go with them!" I cried. "What made him think that I should ever dream of it?"

"I made him dream of it, Katie, for I asked him to ask you."

She laughed at my consternation, then said, more earnestly,

"And I want you to go. I want you to take care of me, and be my guide—to be the friend to whom I can turn suddenly, should I want a friend."

"I do not see that I—"

"He may be there, and I wish to be very firm and proud with him if he comes, if he should think it worth his while to venture in my direction. I know that you would not go to this picnic for your own sake. Will you come for mine?"

"Yes, if you wish it."

"There's a dear, good Faith. It will be one of the great Baxter's monster advertisements," she said; "but it will be amusing, and I am compelled to go. Now write your answer before your courage fails you, then I shall be satisfied and safe."

"Very well."

I wrote the answer sadly and doubtfully, but I did not hesitate. Katie had wished it—she was afraid of something, it was evident—she relied even upon me, which was remarkable.

The servant was dispatched to the pillar-box with the two notes I had written that evening; to one of them, and to the surprise of both of us, there came an answer before twenty-four hours had elapsed. This was it:

"434 Belgrave Square.

"X. Y. Z. would be glad of an interview with Miss Kirby respecting the post of governess for which she has applied. X. Y. Z. would be glad to see Miss Kirby at the above address on Saturday next at eleven A.M. precisely."

CHAPTER III.

THE RIDE TO BUSHEY PARK.

THE letter from X. Y. Z. appointing an interview for the following Saturday was a perplexity to me; I had become so accustomed to silence following all appeals for service, that this prompt reply of an anonymous correspondent excited me more than I had anticipated. I had written without a hope; I had related my old story with less perspicuity and energy than usual; and I had too plainly, I thought, confessed to my own shortcomings, to be singled out from an army of applicant hungry for place.

Certainly I had not obtained the post; "It might be a swindle altogether," Katie had said, emphatically; curiosity might have prompted the advertiser to see a person who had written so strange a reply to his advertisement; or a crafty agent, anxious to secure a registration fee, might be the real solution to the riddle. And yet I had expected to be lucky some day; I had not believed in misfortune forever oppressing me, and thwarting every step to get away from it; my own teaching and trust had assured me of a better time, and I had kept strong with that assurance.

Katie had no faith in the result, and so terrified me with legends of designing advertisers that I took one preliminary walk to Belgrave Square to see No. 434 for myself, and judge if it were a respectable-looking edifice. I found it all that could be desired in its exterior aspect, not a place likely to be selected, or allowed to be selected by its landlord, as the head-quarters of a rogue or vagabond. It was a solid-looking mansion, wherein dwelt people well to do. I should be a lucky woman if I found a home there.

I acquainted Katie, on my return, with the result of my explorations, but she had lost a great deal of interest in the subject. It had not entered into her head that there was a chance of my obtaining the situation without references—men and women of the world were not likely to believe in South Africa—and there were portions of my family's antecedents that I must conceal, or by divulging must set my listeners against me. I was "hedged in," and Katie had had no faith in my escape. She had settled the position in her own mind, and there was an end of it. She had her own story to dwell upon, and that troubled her at times. Alone she brooded not a little, I was sure, although she never confessed to me that she was any thing different from the light-hearted, shrewd little woman to whom I was indebted for a home. Coming in suddenly, I would surprise her in deep thought, her big hazel eyes looking out across her own world to the sphere wherein she had met her one romance and lost it, her beautiful face full of a grief or pain that my presence would startle away.

When we had first met, I had not been astonished at her reticence; it was natural; I had been four years away, and had returned with very opposite ideas of life's duties to her own; but her silence now, concerning herself and her future, wounded me deeply. I thought that she might have learned to trust me. We were more like common friends than sisters in many things; we did not confide in each other; I knew too well that I could not interest Katie in all that was in my heart, or formed part of my ambitions, and she was certain that her profession was only suggestive to me of alarm. Hence, though we had our little outbursts of sympathy, we were never real confidantes; if we had been, this story would have taken different lines and led to different results—whether for better or worse, the reader must judge for himself in the future pages of this book.

Hence Katie had her cares which she did not ask me to share, which she would not have owned to possessing. She professed to have the picnic party on her mind now—the dress she should wear, the business engagements that might ensue from it, and the pleasure that might be born of it. She was anxious to interest me also, and was forever reminding me that I had promised to accompany her, though she said not a word more concerning her reasons for my going. When the Wednesday morning came, I would have given all my worldly possessions—Katie's locket, which I had redeemed from the pawnbroker's, excepted—to be spared the ordeal of accompanying the procession. I had been nervous concerning it all Tuesday, and I prayed heartily for a respite, for wet weather, for any thing that might postpone the evil day which had dawned.

I was wanting in the art of adaptability to circumstances, in the power to disguise what annoyed me, and I did not wish to be marked, or to be in any way a contrast to the general enjoyment.

"If I could only stop at home!" I said to Katie at the last moment.

"Nonsense! the drive into the country will do

you good," Katie replied; "you will not be noticed if it's your wish to keep aloof, and you will find some pleasant people if you care to look for them. We are not all ogres and ogresses."

Not all—not half, possibly; but still, to my mind, having a sufficient number of ogres and ogresses in their midst to render the whole expedition an unpleasant one. I should not dwell upon it in detail here, were it not that it takes its place in the chain of events leading up to many changes.

I am never likely to forget the grand start from the Hall of Harmony, in drags, wagonettes, and private omnibuses, with Tommy Pounce's equipage a principal feature in the grand procession. Katie was right about this being a monster advertisement for Mr. Baxter, who combined pleasure to his *employés* with notoriety to himself, by the annual entertainment to which I had been invited. Katie and I were late in arriving at the meeting-place, where we found the street choked up with that large section of the British public that has nothing to do but take its ease on curbstones when there is any thing worth seeing in prospective.

If X. Y. Z. could behold me now! I thought, as I clutched Katie's arm in my first alarm at a cheer which greeted my sister's appearance before the Hall of Harmony, in the principal corridor of which the members of the company were waiting, all in high spirits and most of them in bright colors; with Mr. Baxter running about in a great state of excitement, his arms full of bouquets for the ladies, and a great deal of the blood in his body settling in his face and behind his ears.

"Let me keep close to you, Katie; don't run away," I whispered, and Katie turned round and laughed at me.

"This is my strong-minded sister who would do me so much good," she said.

The words were spoken lightly, and were not meant for a reproach, but they struck home. She was right; why should I expect one so self-possessed and strong to rely upon me in any particular? Did she not know the world better than I? and was she not far more calculated to take care of herself therein?

Ah, yes, but it was this world from which we should escape presently, I thought.

Katie was a general favorite, and her welcome was a flattering one.

"I was afraid you were going to sell us," cried a lady of six-and-twenty, with charming frankness—a lady who carried much color unblushingly in the broad daylight, and whose arched eyebrows were unmistakable works of art; "why, where have you been all this time?"

"Getting ready, to be sure. Tilly, this is my particular friend, Miss Kirby—Faith, my dear friend, Tilly Beaufort, of whom you have heard me speak."

I was attempting a bow of acknowledgment, when Tilly Beaufort took me in her arms, crushed my bonnet, and embraced me passionately.

"My dear child, how are you?" she cried; "I am glad to see you—I know all about you—you're Katie's friend from Africa. I knew Kate when she was a Kirby, in Dorset Street; she touched up my music a bit before I was a great gun, and I got her out at my benefit, with a big cram about her American reputation. Did she ever tell you?"

"Yes, she told me," I found room to say, and then Tilly Beaufort, the popular female vocalist, went away, laughing heartily, and showing every one of her large handsome teeth.

"What do you think of her?" asked Katie.

"Well, I don't like her much," I answered.

"You don't like any body much," said Kate, quietly; "but with all her vulgarity—she *is* a little vulgar—there isn't a better-hearted woman. When I tell you that I'm not jealous of her popularity, you may imagine that I like her. Here's Tommy."

"Oh dear!" I ejaculated.

Tommy Pounce was upon us before I had time to repress my exclamation. He was as elaborately costumed as usual, and burdened by a few ounces more jewelry than when I had had last the honor of seeing him. Though gorgeously arrayed, he was not in good spirits. A zephyr coat, a silky white hat, light lavender kid gloves, a green satin stock with a diamond pin therein, a pair of lavender trowsers with a green stripe down the sides to match the stock, had given, with other adornments, a glory to his outer man of which any star-comic might have been proud; and yet it was evident, from his depressing cast of countenance, that something had gone wrong with the "Colossal."

When he spoke, the reason was apparent.

"Well, Katie—how are you, Miss Kirby," he croaked forth in tones that were partly sepulchral, and partly like a wheezy old bagpipes.

"Oh dear! what a bad cold you have got," said Katie, solicitously, after we had responded to his welcome.

"Yes, I should think I had," replied Mr. Pounce; "it's all that infernal open-air trap of Baxter's. I've been out in all weathers, and you'll be sorry to hear it's flown to my throat."

"Oh! I *am* sorry," said Katie.

"My voice is nowhere," he added, after two or three seconds' coughing.

"You were all right last night," Katie remarked.

"Yes, till I got home, and then it was like a hundred d—d darning-needles in my throat. I'm afraid it's what they call dipsteeria—I'm awfully queer."

"What made you come out?" said Katie.

"Oh, you know," he answered, meaningly; and "I'm sure I don't," was Katie's pert reply.

"Of course I wanted to be one of the party, if you was—if you were coming," he said, correcting his grammar with commendable celerity, "and I did not care to be out of it altogether, and every body asking where Tommy Pounce was. Baxter says that the drive will cheer me up, and bring my voice round, but Baxter's a hass. I don't know what every body 'll do, if I don't get better soon—there's the Alcazar, and the Muses' Temple, Cow Cross, and the Hapollo—they all count on me next Monday."

"They'll think all the more of you, Mr. Pounce, when you do appear," said Katie, in assuring tones.

"Yes, I know that," said Pounce, after a moment's rueful consideration of the subject, "but this is not a common hoarseness; it goes right to here," he added, striking the pit of his stomach with the flat of his gloved hand, before he marched mournfully away from us.

A few minutes more, and we had made our way into the street, and in the bustle of the mounting, the general excitement of the party, the confusion on all sides, I lost Katie, and found myself on the top of a private coach, by the side of Mr. Baxter, who had assisted me to the box seat. I had made some little objection to this position, but the interiors of the vehicles were full of hampers, and the broad flight of steps marked "Hall of Harmony" formed a convenient and unembarrassing mode of ascent for a nervous young female. When I was settled, and had had time to reflect on the compliment that had been paid me by the proprietor of one of the largest drinking dens in the metropolis, I looked round for Katie. She was by the side of Tommy Pounce on the drag, wherein were Tilly Beaufort and a host of professionals, comic and serious, and all more or less notorious. Behind me were two or three large private omnibuses heaped up with ladies of the ballet and their friends, and sprinkled among the general community were a few vacant-looking, silly-faced young men, whose mission it was to "see life," to patronize "this kind of thing," to talk of the spree they had had with "Baxter's lot," and to affect in general to be more dissipated and unprincipled than even their worthlessness warranted. I wished again that I had not joined the party—the general survey of the company caused me to shudder so much.

"Why, you're cold," said Mr. Baxter, who was evidently of an observant turn of mind; "I'm blest if you ain't a-shivering. Will you have another shawl?—will you have a nip of something before we start?"

"No, thank you."

"Then we'll be off. I think we've had stir enough here for one day. What a 'ouse there'll be to-night!" he muttered.

He gave the signal for starting, and I drew my veil more closely over my face as the crowd cheered, and hundreds of little boys tried to get under the wheels and discover for themselves what the Juggernaut sensation was like, and every body ran out-of-doors or looked out of windows. Then we wound our way through Surrey thoroughfares toward Vauxhall Bridge, making our way for the Fulham and Richmond roads. It was a pleasant drive, and when we were free of the London streets, where it was Mr. Baxter's business to linger as long as possible, and attract as much curiosity and admiration from the masses as it was in his power to attract, I was more at my ease. But oh, those dreadful streets before the country road was reached, the blank stares of people to whom music-halls were unknown territories, the wondering glances, the envious, the admiring, the contemptuous!

"There's Tommy Pounce; hooray, Tommy!" was shouted forth at times, and, indeed, all those whose popularity had secured them a footing at more than one place of entertainment had their reward, in being pointed at and shouted at until the busy streets of town were left behind us.

"I hope you're comfortable, Miss Kirby," said Mr. Baxter, when he had leisure to devote more time to me, and less to his horses.

"Yes, thank you," I replied.

I had resolved to be as amiable as possible, for Katie's sake; this man at my side paid Katie a liberal sum per week for singing at his establishment.

"I think we shall have a fine day," he said, in those thick slobbery tones which, on my first acquaintance with him, I had very unjustly attributed to drink; "the clouds are high, and the sun is as warm and bright as ninepence. Do you know Bushey Park?"

"Yes, I remember it."

I had gone once to it when a child, with father; he had taken Katie and me for a day's holiday on a river steamer, as far as Hampton, and we were a happy trio then. I wondered on the instant whether Katie remembered it as well as I did.

"It's a stunning place for a picnic," affirmed Mr. Baxter.

"Indeed!"

Mr. Baxter was a polite man, and a loquacious man, but he was not refined in his discourse. Originally he had been a pot-boy at a publican's in South Bermondsey, and there were invidious folk existent who maintained that "old Baxter" could neither read nor write, but in this particular they were incorrect. Take him altogether, he was, in my poor estimation, and at that time, a prince of gentlemen to Tommy Pounce, although I hoped that I might be mercifully spared from ever seeing him again.

Before we reached Richmond, I discovered Mr. Baxter's motives—for he had more than one—in placing me in the post of honor at his side. I can not say that they were motives discreditable to him, but they annoyed me none the less, and at Bushey Park I began to think that I liked Tommy Pounce the better of the two. So that the reader may perceive I was capricious in my fancies.

"Are Tommy and Katie going to make a match of it, do you think?" he asked, suddenly, and after following my backward glance at the drag, where the two were talking earnestly together.

"Heaven forbid!" I cried, before I had time to restrain myself.

"Every body says so, you know," he said, with a disgusting wink of his left eye, intended as a tribute to the clear-sightedness of every body, himself included.

"Every body is wrong," I said, warmly, "and Katie is not likely to thank any one for spreading the report."

"It wouldn't be a bad match," he said, slowly.

"I think it would be a very bad one."

"What makes you think that, Miss Kirby?"

He appeared so curious that his manner put me on my guard, and though I still maintained my first assertion, I did not enter into detail concerning my reason for doubting a statement in which he was disposed to place credence. I was Katie's friend, and might be able to give him a hint or two, he had thought, and he was not a sufficient adept in disguise to conceal from me what was on his mind.

"Tommy's fond of her, I'm sure," he said; "he has been awfully upset about that young swell who came after her so much; awfully cut up, in fact, and though he made love to Tilly Beaufort, it was only his temper. Don't you really think they'd make a decent pair, now?"

"No, I do not."

"Hasn't Katie said any thing about Tommy, now?" he inquired; "about marrying him, and starting a music-hall of their own?—where they'd be sure to fail—strike me dead if they wouldn't fail," he added, with sudden and amazing energy; "I'm sure you know all about it."

"Miss Baskerville"—I had some difficulty in calling Katie by her assumed name—"does not take me into her confidence," I replied.

"Oh! that's all nonsense. Girls will talk, and you are together in Long Acre, you know. Ain't you now?"

Mr. Baxter's "nows" were particularly aggravating, especially when they were accompanied with a playful nudge of his elbow, which was not unfrequent.

"Yes, we are together."

"Like sisters, in fact; ah ha! like sisters," and this time Mr. Baxter nearly nudged me off the box-seat into the roadway. I did not reply; I did not like Mr. Baxter quite so well as I had done; I moved as far from him and his objectionable elbow as I could, and looked straight before me along the high-road, echoing with the clatter of our horses' hoofs and the merry laughter of the party. I saw that our secret, such as it was, had been discovered by Mr. Baxter. The likeness between us was too strong for disguise, and yet I had never considered myself much like Katie. Katie was darker than I, and an inch less in height, and the likeness had been stronger between us when we were children, I fancied. She was pretty, and I was rather a plain little thing—Uncle Jef told me that, with his own odd frankness, one day in Pietermaritzburg—but still the likeness was strong enough to open Mr. Baxter's eyes to the truth.

"I don't say you are sisters, mind," said he, after an interval of five minutes for mature reflection; "that may be a little joke of mine. Still, you *are* alike, and I'm dashed if you don't sing alike too, for when I called four weeks ago—that day I was in a worry about Katie going to the Jolly Plasterers' benefit—I didn't say any thing, but you were singing as I came up them stairs in Long Acre, and I stopped outside the door and listened a bit. Ah ha! Don't you sing, now?"

Here ensued another playful motion of his elbow, which I managed to elude.

"I have led a choir at chapel, in Pietermaritzburg, but I do not profess to sing."

"You've a good voice, 'pon my soul; I've been thinking of it, and it's suited for the sentimental line of business," he continued; "I wish you'd try it one night at the Hall—say a Hafrican gal going into slavery, now—a character bit. If it answers with the hordience, I'll strike a bargain the moment you come off. There, I'll strike a bargain at once, if you're game."

But I was not game. I felt very much as though I had been insulted, and yet I had not a fair excuse to speak my mind. I could only thank him in a low voice, and state that it was never my intention to sing in public, after which expression of my sentiments Mr. Baxter appeared to lose a great deal of his interest in me. I looked behind at Katie occasionally, and saw that she was in high spirits, with no sign of yesternight's strange shadow on her. I could hear her laughing pleasantly at Tommy Pounce's jokes, or at Tommy Pounce's personal appearance, which was not enhanced by a very large woolen comforter which, having found the breeze too strong for him, he had recently wound round his throat in many folds. Tilly Beaufort appeared more anxious about his cold than my sister, and once I had seen her carefully tucking in the corners of the comforter down the back of his neck, with a solicitude about the Colossal's health that should have impressed that gentleman more favorably. But, as Mr. Baxter said again to my annoyance, as he glanced in my direction also, "Tommy is dead nuts on Katie. I wonder you haven't seen it; I wonder she hasn't told you more about it, now."

"Dead nuts" implied a deep affection on Mr. Pounce's part for Katie, I imagined by the context; I was getting used to the slang of these people—perhaps, if I staid much longer with them I should get slangy myself.

I was glad when Bushey Park was reached, and the opportunity to get free of Mr. Baxter, and reach Katie's side, seemed to come at length as a reward for all my patience. I looked at my watch—another redeemed pledge which Katie had kindly got out of the pawnbroker's clutches for me—and found that the morning had already passed away. That made so many hours nearer to home, and I was glad in my heart. Perhaps I was ungrateful—very probably; I was a young woman of a dissatisfied turn of mind altogether; Katie had a suspicion that I was, and I was not quite certain that she was altogether wrong.

Had I ever been content with any thing?—in the old times in London with my surroundings; in the African colony, or with my still life away from all friends but Uncle Jef; in London again, with my troubles clustering so thickly about me that every fairer prospect of a future was shut out by their density and number? Was there any thing that *would* satisfy me, or stay the restless beatings of my heart against the bars of the cage that held me in?

CHAPTER IV.

I ENACT THE CHAMPION.

I was successful in eluding further attention on the part of Mr. Baxter, or Mr. Baxter had too much upon his mind to consider me, when the real business of the picnic had commenced; but in my second determination to take care of Katie—as she had asked me to do last night—I met with nothing but mortification and rebuff. Katie had forgotten her request, and had almost forgotten me. The excitement of the day, the pleasure of the drive, the fresh air, the scenery, the company, the consciousness that she was a favorite with her contemporaries, had carried away all traces of past gloom, and even raised her spirits to a degree which I had not hitherto witnessed. She was the life of the party, and gave animation to the rest. She took an active part in the arrangements for the coming luncheon, and there was a bright smile, a gay jest, a quick laughing rejoinder for all who spoke to her.

"How well she bears trouble!" I thought, as I watched her bright figure in the sunshine; "or else," was my second reflection, "how little she lets trouble bear upon her!"

There are those happily constituted beings in the world whom no trouble seems to affect, more especially those troubles that do not come straight home to them, and perhaps Katie's was one of these. Katie thought that I met troubles half-way, and pitied me accordingly; and certainly, at this period of our lives, she was by ninety per cent. the happier woman of the two. Heaven knows, I did not envy her for this! It was as well for her that she could face the world with a bolder outlook than her sister Faith.

"Why, Faith, how grave you are looking!" said Katie, coming up to me at last, "although the ride has brought some of the old color to your cheeks. What a glorious day! I feel better and stronger for it."

"I am glad to hear it, Kate, but—"

"Well, but—"

"Has he come?"

"Who?—oh no, *he* hasn't," she answered, very quickly, "and so much the better for all parties concerned. I don't want to see him. I can be happy enough without him. We're going to dance after luncheon—the band is coming down to Teddington by train—what partners can I get you, Faith?"

"Oh, I shall not dance."

"I hope you will; you must not stand aloof, or look too fine for us. Would you like to waltz with Tommy Pounce?"

"Oh no, I should not like to do that," I cried, with a shudder.

"Well, he's not in good spirits—he's very ill, he says, and he is trying Mr. Baxter's recipe of horse-radish and vinegar for his voice—there he is sitting with his back against the tree."

"I hope the recipe will do him good," I said; and then at the sight of Mr. Pounce, consuming his specific in the shade, with a woe-begone expression of countenance, I could not forbear laughing.

"That's well, Faith," cried Katie; "you are brighter—you're shaking off by degrees some of the grave looks. Poor Tommy! so you hope it will do him good—well, I hope it won't."

"Oh, Katie!"

"The hoarser he gets, the less I shall have of his nonsense," she cried; "the more he will think of himself, and the less of me."

She tripped away, humming one of her own songs, and the instant afterward was flirting in an animated way over the laying out of the lobster salads with an idiotic youth who wore a glass in his left eye, kept his right half closed, and his mouth three-quarters open. I was told that he was a lord's son, and I pitied the lord very much.

The scene was novel and amusing, and had I not been intimately connected therewith, I should have enjoyed it the more. I was embarrassed in the midst of it; but with Katie occasionally glancing in my direction, I did my best to sustain the character which it had been her wish that I should assume. I endeavored to make myself generally agreeable; and upon the whole I succeeded tolerably well. All was full of animation and color, and there was nothing to object to in the fun and spirit pervading the community. The old park through which the patriotic cobbler of Hampton Wick secured the right of way was at its best, and the day was at its best also. The chestnut-trees were full of deep green shadowings, with their branches borne down by the clusters of the cones—it would be Chestnut Sunday in five more days—the shy deer were in the distance, making up their minds to approach us presently for gift-offerings—the sky was intensely blue above our heads, the sun was shining, and the birds were singing in their nests among the leaves, or darting to and fro across the landscape.

There was more gayety after the Champagne lunch—but then there always *is* a greater flow of spirits after the wine has been drunk—and though I did not dance, I took amusement from watching the toy-like figures spinning round me.

The annual picnic was a success; it would have been written down a success in one or two peculiar papers at least, under any circumstances—for there were the reporters, and much had been made of them by Mr. Baxter, so much

that the gentleman sent by the ***Music-Hall Trumpet*** was lying face downward on the grass, with his hat crushed beneath his chest, "a little overcome," as Katie delicately put it.

I considered it a success until half past three in the afternoon, and then I found myself drawing farther from the scene, becoming, as it were, afraid or distrustful of the actors therein. The excitement and noise became more fast and furious among a few—not among the majority, perhaps—the dancing grew more vigorous, and the laughter shriller.

There was a proneness to extravagance of action in some of the ladies of the company, and their screams of hilarity jarred upon me and vexed me. I watched Katie anxiously, but I had nothing to fear from her. Her high spirits had not increased with the lateness of the hour. She was sitting by the side of Mr. Pounce, talking quite seriously with him, but looking thoughtfully ahead, as if he were a long way from her; and he, I knew, was in a very serious mood himself. Only half an hour since, I had heard him huskily inform Mr. Baxter that he was almost speechless, that he had been a fool to come, and that that "cursed mess of horse-radish" had made him as sick as a dog—sicker than twenty dogs, for he was not quite sure that he should live the day out, or ever hear the sound of his natural voice again. "How every body will be disappointed to-night, Baxter!" he had said with a sigh; "not a note of mine to be heard any where. Good God! what a blow to business, and to all the Halls!"

He was looking very miserable by Katie's side, and my sister was evidently having all the conversation to herself, and doing all the consolation; with Tilly Beaufort regarding the couple over the shoulder of her partner in a waltz, with a less amiable expression than might have been expected from a naturally good-tempered countenance.

I was standing apart from the picnic, under the shadow of the trees, when an old lady who had been one of the party, and whose gray hairs had been a contrast to much youth and good looks about her, startled me by a few words in my ear. She had been very busy packing the glass into the hampers near me, but I had not noticed her till then.

"I don't think you are enjoying yourself much, young lady," she said.

"Oh yes, I am," I hastened to reply.

"You are frightened of them?"

"N—no," I answered, after a moment's consideration of the question, "I am not frightened, but I do not quite like their ways."

"Yet you are often at the music-halls with your friend Miss Baskerville."

"Yes," I said.

"You have been frightened of them before to-day—may I ask if you are a lady?"

"No," I said, smiling.

"I mean a lady born."

"No," I said again.

"You do not understand them, or care for them, I'm sure," she said, as she continued her packing; "if I were you, I would not stop with them. Can't you get a situation somewhere, and leave this life behind you?"

"Is it not an honest life?" I asked, quickly; "do you know that it is not?"

"There are good and bad among them—many hard-working ones," she replied, as she went on with her packing; "not a few whom you should naturally despise—all kinds of people to suit all kinds of tastes, except the taste for a simple life and quiet home. My dear young lady, I'm your senior by many years; take an old woman's advice, and follow your natural inclination to escape."

"It is not fit—"

"For any young girl? Emphatically no."

She broke a tumbler over her emphasis, appeared a little scared at the damage she had committed, looked round for Mr. Baxter, and secretly threw away the broken fragments among the grass.

"What is your post at the Hall of Harmony?" I asked.

"I am not at the Hall of Harmony. My name is Saville, and I am Miss Beaufort's dresser."

"I understand."

"I was Miss Baskerville's dresser once, but nothing ever satisfied that girl."

"But—"

"But please don't mention this; I might lose my situation, and I am old and poor. I was a lady once, and so I have never quite got used to this. Neither will you; these aristocratic Beauforts and Baskervilles," she said, scornfully, "are very good people of their kind, but get away from them as soon as you can."

"You do not know any thing against them?"

"Not a word—not of those two—save that they are fast and flippant; but it would not do you any harm to drop their acquaintance, I'm thinking."

She caught up a small basket of wine-glasses, and walked away with it. I looked after her with a sinking heart, with a desire to follow and cross-examine her, with the old horror of this life coming once more to the front to scare me. The woman who had been a lady walked with vacillating steps; once went erratically to the left, paused, and then went to the right, where some more subordinates were busy over hampers. She had been drinking, hence her freedom of speech and general eccentricity of manner; but the woman in her drink seemed to have shown an interest in me, and given me fresh warning—even a warning, partly implied, that my sister was a dangerous acquaintance! She had not observed the likeness between Katie and me, as Mr. Baxter had done, but she had spoken with a startling frankness.

More fast and furious became the revel with the lengthening shadows on the grass; I could tell easily enough, as I wandered sadly to and fro, who were the black sheep of the flock, now that all self-restraint had vanished, and wine had betrayed them, as it had done even the old woman who had been born a lady. The vacuous young men looked more vacuous still; the best of them were drunk and prostrate, and the worst were noisy and obtrusive, with the looks and manners of satyrs. Many pedestrians through the park gave the screaming revelers a wider berth, and the occupants of passing carriages surveyed us curiously, and wondered who we were that made the bright day hideous. Suddenly there was more noise and shrill laughter than I had hitherto heard, and a well-dressed girl, pale with fright, ran hurriedly by, followed by a dozen men and women screaming after her, pelting her with little tufts of grass and bonbons, till she stopped suddenly and faced them almost defiantly. The look with which she confronted them would have become an older child, and would have abashed less foolish people than those who now joined hands and commenced a maniacal dance round her.

"How dare you frighten me?" she cried, very pale still, but very indignant with her persecutors; "you are not ladies and gentlemen, or you would not do it. My papa will not let me be treated like this. You shall all be punished, every one of you."

"No, we're not ladies and gentlemen, little Miss Minx," said a bold-faced girl whom I had seen in the ballet at the Hall of Harmony; "but we shall be very happy to make your father's acquaintance, and we sha'n't let you go till we like. You said you wouldn't drink our healths, and that was not polite, my dear."

"She shall kiss one of us instead—hic—and then we'll let her go—one of the no-gentlemen lot—hooray!—whoop!—which is it to be, my old-fashioned chick?"

The man who had delivered this was a short, thick-set man, with a stubbly beard—an opposition comic to the great Pounce, and one whom I had heard sing occasionally. He was very drunk, and very horrible in his drink. I forgot all reserve in my concern for the child, and broke hastily through the circle. "Please do not insult her," I said, taking her hand; "you should know better than that, at least."

My face was familiar to them, and the indignation therein was so very strongly expressed that a few of the most timid dropped hands at once, and regarded me with surprise. I felt the little hot hand of the child close upon mine nervously but trustfully, and two big blue eyes looked quickly up at me with a very wistful gaze.

"Thank you very much," she said, "and please take me to my papa."

"Where is he?"

"Coming to meet me, over there," she said, pointing in the direction of Teddington. "Please take me from these people."

There was a spirit of opposition manifested, but I endeavored to subdue it. I am sure that I lost my temper in the effort—I who had had a supreme conceit in my own amiability before this! My passion overmastered me at last, and upon future reflection astonished even myself.

"I don't think it's any business of yours to interfere," said the girl whom I have already indicated; "it's only a bit of fun, and you ought to be able to see that, if the child can't."

"I don't see any fun in it," I replied.

"You're not every body, just because you are Miss Baskerville's friend, you know," cried the ballet-girl, tauntingly. "This stuck-up little child talked to us first, and we had a bit of a game, that's all."

"And she isn't going without she kisses one of us. I say it, Jack Chowl, of the Northwest London," cried the comic man, reeling toward her, amidst the laughter of the rest. "Here, Miss Thingamy, come and kiss your best friend and make it up. Then you can go—not before, damme."

Every body around us saw something to laugh and scream at in this, or in the child's fright, as she clung to the skirts of my dress and hid her face away from them.

"Will you stand back, you cowards?" I cried, passionately; and as I moved on with the child they fell away, and allowed me to pass them.

"Oh, where is my papa?" the child exclaimed; "how late he is!—why don't he come to help me?"

"You are quite safe with me," I said, assuringly.

"You don't look very strong," she replied, "and there's such a many of these dreadful people about."

"They will not molest us."

In my heart I was not quite certain, for Mr. Chowl, of the Northwest London Music-Hall, came in an unsteady manner after us. I looked for help from Katie, even from Tommy Pounce the Colossal, but they were strolling far in advance of me along the path I was pursuing, and I was beyond their assistance. I glanced nervously round for Mr. Baxter, but he was not in sight, and there was no one else to whom I could appeal, or who would not laugh at me.

We went on a few more yards unmolested, then I felt the little girl's hand tighten in mine.

"Oh, he's running after us—the dreadful little drunken man! You'll take care of me, my kind lady, will you not?"

"You are perfectly safe," I said again. I could not believe in any direct insult, and I relied on the protection of the most manly and most womanly of the party. But I wished to avoid a scene if possible, and as the child gave a faint scream, I urged her to be silent. By this time Mr. Chowl had reached our side, and was trying to keep step with us as we walked rapidly toward the gate opening into Teddington.

"Look here now," said he, as his legs described small segments of circles and his feet revolved one over another in that odd manner peculiar to drunkards, "when I say a shing I stick to it. Jack Chowl's my name—every body knows it—and the Orl of 'Armony ain't a-goin' to crow over me, or any borry 'nected with it. There's not one of 'em can sing—and that's what I say. I wouldn't—I wouldn't hurta'air of child's head, but it's a biro'fun—pure fun, 'sure you. I said that this—hic—little gal shod gie me kiss, and when say shing, Jack Chowl, Norwest, means a shing. Take mehand, medear."

He made one or two futile efforts to take hold of the child's hand, but I transferred her quickly from the left to the right side of me, interposing myself between them. He was not to be balked, however. He endeavored to pass behind me in his drunken persistency, but at the same moment a strong hand clutched him by the collar of his coat, and hurled him with so much force and velocity away from us that I, who had been reserving my stock of screams for a future emergency, could not prevent one from suddenly escaping me, as Mr. Chowl went spinning off at a rapid rate until he fell of a heap in the grass, whence he moved not again.

"Papa!" the child called out, and then to my further surprise she let go my hand, and fainted away.

"Esther—Ettie dear—keep strong—all is well now." But the child lay senseless in the arms of the father, a tall, thin, dark-skinned man, whose stern face I did not recognize immediately in my concern for his daughter.

"What can I do—can I be of any assistance?" I inquired.

"No—thank you. She is subject to these swoons," he said, hurriedly, as he rose with his child in his arms—"she has been excited—my carriage is close at hand—thank you, young lady—if you will follow me, I will see that that party of mountebanks do not insult you for your kindness."

"Thank you," I murmured, in a low voice.

But I did not follow him. I was not afraid of molestation—I was one of the party myself—and I had recognized him at last. It was he who had supported me in a fainting-fit of my own, at the offices of Westmair and Co., in Watling Street. It was Abel Westmair, the principal of the firm, the hard-hearted, merciless man, who had been the cause of all our troubles by locking up my father for felony.

I looked after him as he strode rapidly away, unconscious that I was not following him, and holding to his breast the little girl whom excitement had suddenly prostrated. It was all very like a dream—his coming in the midst of it, a more unreal and dream-like situation still. I was glad that he had not remembered me, or asked me any questions—that he had passed away once more from my life, which he had helped to oppress and darken. I could not take my eyes from him until he was lost in the distance, and the noisy laughter of the mountebanks, as he had termed them, seemed approaching more closely. The party were mustering for departure; they were picking up Mr. Chowl, and trying to make him understand that they must put him inside one of the omnibuses or leave him in the park. The vehicles had arrived to convey us to town. The ballet-girl with whom I had waged war was pointing me out to a few select friends, and regarding me disdainfully. The hampers had been stowed away. The choice young men, the lord's son among their number, had lighted fresh cigars and taken parting drinks. Katie, Tommy Pounce, and Mr. Baxter had risen as if from the dead about me. They were beginning to cluster on the roofs of the coaches, and omnibuses, and to fill Tommy Pounce's drag, and there was much hilarity under the wide-spreading chestnuts.

Still I stood there as in a trance, watching and wondering deeply, until Katie came behind me, took me by the arms, and shook me playfully.

"What, dreaming again, Faith! I hope you have enjoyed yourself, and spent as pleasant a day as I have done."

She had heard and seen nothing of the incident that had disturbed me, and I did not care to tell her of it then. I thought rather of her own life and mystery, as her brown eyes looked into mine.

"It has been a fine day, fortunately," I answered, in an evasive manner; "but you did not want me, Katie, after all."

"No; he did not care enough for me to come," she said, "and so much the better. Whose loss is it? Not little Kate Kirby's, surely."

CHAPTER V.

BELGRAVIA.

THE professionals reached London in time for their various appointments, commencing from eight in the evening—the fashionable hour for music-halls—and Katie went direct to the Hall of Harmony. I did not accompany her; I was glad to get home, and to feel that the day's business was ended. I had kept my word, and fulfilled my unprofitable mission.

From the incidents of that day there was left me much to dwell upon. The horror of Katie's present life seemed to have come closer to me again—to have taken another and a deeper shading—to have filled me with the old intent to save her when the first chance should present itself. Closer contact with these hybrid singers and actors had not won me to regard them with a greater favor, and any existence seemed preferable to theirs. All this false excitement, empty applause, paltry vanities, had been apparent to me from the first; and though Katie's pride might resist the coarse temptations in her path, it seemed impossible to me—even though I was a poor reasoner—that any good feeling or high principle could arise from such a life.

There was my own little adventure to consider, too. The dark figure of Abel Westmair, and the little girl who had called him father, and whom I had protected from the more vulgar portion of our company, became of interest to my meditations. I had not known that Mr. Westmair was married until then—what was his wife like, I wondered, and was he hard, exacting, unsympathetic to her too? He had appeared to love his child; he had been even excited at the persecution to which she had been subjected, and had nearly split the celebrated Mr. Chowl's skull, which had shaved the thick trunk of a chestnut-tree by a hair's-breadth, when the comic vocalist had flown as from a catapult across the grass.

I related my story upon Katie's return, and she listened apathetically, and said, "What a shame!" but whether it had been a shame to molest little Miss Westmair, or to treat Mr. Chowl with rudeness, was not particularly apparent. I was inclined to think that her sympathies were with the member of her own profession.

"How strange that Mr. Westmair should have been in the park this afternoon!"

"Not at all," said Katie; "he lives at Teddington; the manufactory is not far from it."

"Ah! I had forgotten that."

Katie dozed off in her chair while I was expressing my satisfaction at not being recognized by Mr. Westmair, and I thought how ill with the day's pleasure and the night's singing she looked in her sleep. Was the life wearing her out? was she tired of it? would she really be glad to escape, as she had said once? I asked these questions as I gazed at her, and my heart ached strangely in its vain attempts to answer them.

Had the chance come to save her and myself when the Saturday morning arrived, and I was preparing for my appointment at Belgrave Square?

"There, do I look like a respectable young person?" I asked, "worth waiting for till the references arrive from Pietermaritzburg—worth the enormous sum, Katie, of a hundred and twenty pounds per annum?"

"Worth all that, and more," said Katie, warmly; "but you are not building upon success, I hope?"

"No," I replied, with a sigh, "not building upon it, scarcely dreaming that such good fortune can fall to *our* share."

I emphasized the pronoun, but she did not affect to notice it.

"There are a hundred chances against you. If the young lady be an overgrown, tyrannical girl of fifteen or sixteen, whose education has been neglected, and whose tempers are demoniacal, you must flatter her, Faith—tell her what a beauty she is, and how sure you are of loving her very quickly."

"You are jesting."

"Only those who lie gracefully get on in this world," she said, bitterly. "I have seen it, suffered from it—am sure of it."

"Oh! you are jesting," I said, endeavoring to smile at her cynicism, but secretly alarmed at her vehemence.

"Yes, yes, to be sure I am. Don't turn pea-green at every little pleasantry of mine—when do you meet X. Y. Z.? I forget."

"At eleven o'clock."

"Then I have no time to lose."

"You—why—"

"I am going with you. I shall remain for a while until I am sure this is not a practical joke," said Katie, "to take care of my white-winged sister, who does not know half the villainy there is in the world."

"White-winged! Oh, Katie! what is the matter with you this morning?"

"I am excited about X. Y. Z.," she said, laughing; "it's all very mysterious to me; I fancy it's a joke or a snare, and I'm going to see fair play, or to make sure that fair play is intended."

"I shall be glad of your company, but—"

"There, never mind the 'buts.' X. Y. Z. will not mind me, and if he should make love to you, Faith, see, I am armed."

She took a pearl-handled penknife from her pocket, opened the blade, and flourished it round her head in a mock-tragic style.

"Villain, unhand the maiden, or perish, weltering in your wretched gore," she cried; and at her vigorous burlesque I could not refrain from laughing. So with light spirits, or with something approximate to them, I set off for Belgrave Square, with Katie at my side as protectress.

"You must not appear nervous, or look as if you considered one hundred and twenty pounds per annum too great a sum for your deserts," said Katie, glancing into my face as we entered the square; "you are worth all the money, you know."

"I am not at all sure of that," I said, lightly.

"And you are nervous."

"A little," I confessed.

"Courage, child!" she said, half earnestly, half patronizingly; "what a deal may depend upon this day for you!"

"For us both."

"For us both, then; for your fate influences mine, of course."

Katie glanced inquisitively and critically at No. 434, as we stood before the house; she looked up at the windows, took a survey of the street-door, peered into the area, went back to the pavement to study the front windows again, until I was afraid that some one would see her from the establishment.

"It's all right so far as the house goes," she said, returning; "the curtains are satin damask, and worth ever so much; and there's a page in the kitchen brushing a footman's velvet smalls. That's two male servants, and looks like gorgeousness."

"Pray be silent, Kate; some one will hear us."

"They are wholesale people here—something in the City, see if they're not," she added, and seizing the knocker and bell-handle before I could arrest her hands, Katie announced the presence of the Kirbys in the most emphatic manner. I

was still red with consternation when the door was opened.

"It's as well to let them know that we consider ourselves somebody, too," Katie had said in reply to my remonstrance, and before the page had responded to our summons for admittance.

"I have called in reply to an advertisement," I began, when Katie spoke for me very rapidly.

"Will you tell your mistress that Miss Kirby has called by appointment," she said.

"Oh, Miss Kirby. Will you please to step this way."

He closed the door, and led the way up stairs into a spacious drawing-room on the first floor. Here he left us together, and Katie said,

"Didn't I tell you they were satin damask window-curtains?"

"Oh, don't," I said, very nervous still; "I should not like any one to hear you. Why did you interrupt me when I was stating the object of my visit, Katie?"

"It sounded very small," Katie replied, "and calling in answer to an advertisement was enough to curl the lips of the pampered young menial who admitted us. I think that I worded it more gracefully."

"Perhaps you did," I said, in half assent, as we sat down.

"Why we didn't borrow a directory and see who lived here for ourselves, I can not understand, unless it was that I was too busy, and you were too forgetful," she said. "Upon my word, Faith, there is not a great deal of forethought in you."

"I am afraid not."

"What a time they are! It always irritates me to be kept waiting," said Katie. "I wonder if any one would hear me if I were to try that piano."

There was a grand piano, all buhl and ebony, at the end of the room, and as my sister rose and went with a few cat-like steps toward it, I sprang up after her.

"You would never be so foolish as that?" I cried.

"No, it's only my fun," she answered; "and my dear old Faith is the most fidgety young person, and the dullest at taking a joke, that I have had the pleasure of encountering. I am very much disposed to leave you to your own resources—the place is respectable enough, and I am not wanted. Still—"

"Still—" I repeated.

"Still I doubt if you will not need a prompter—you will be too outspoken to please me; you will tell all and mar all."

"I must tell the truth."

"If it's asked for," answered Katie, quickly.

We did not go back to our seats, but stood on the hearth-rug, looking round at the grandeur of our advertiser's home, and thinking that X. Y. Z. was a very lucky fellow. There were signs of wealth and taste—if here and there too elaborate a display—at every turn. Money had been creditably as well as lavishly spent; the marqueterie was not from Wardour Street, nor the candelabra from Southwark, the china ornaments from Whitechapel, the great gilt clock upon the console table from a Jew's warehouse in Houndsditch. The furniture, the ornaments, the window-hangings, the water-colors on the walls, were all in harmony, and the effect was rich, not garish.

"Well-to-do people here, Faith," said my irrepressible sister; "how I admire well-to-do people, and envy them, and wish myself as rich as they are, and wonder always if their money be as honestly come by as my own!"

"That's a suspicious thought for one of your years; what gave it you, young lady?" piped a feeble voice, so close to us that we gave a little jump in our surprise. A tall old man, whose head leaned forward strangely, and was awkwardly carried on one side, stood at a second door which we had not hitherto observed, with one shaking hand upon the handle. He seemed to smile at our surprise, or else he was continually smiling, for the expression did not vary, and it struck me as a second thought that I had never seen a face so full of deep lines, or such a funny little pair of bright gray eyes.

"I beg pardon," said Katie, demurely; "I thought we were alone."

"I thought that I should be alone, too," he said, bowing very politely, and with the same smile upon his countenance. "I was not aware that visitors were expected."

"We have called in answer to an advertisement," I explained; and Katie said, *sotto voce*,

"Ah! you were determined to get that in if you could."

"An advertisement—eh, eh? There's a good deal done by advertising nowadays. We relied more on the quality of our goods when I was a young man in business."

He continued to grasp the handle of the door and smile at us.

"Indeed," said Katie, in a loud voice; then she dropped her voice and said, for my sole information, "He's a lunatic."

This time Katie had irretrievably committed herself, and the instant afterward I could have sunk through the floor into the room beneath with much comfort to myself. The old gentleman had heard every word of her last remark.

"No, I'm not a lunatic," he said; and the smile brightened still more, as though a compliment of some value had been paid him. "I'm not as strong as I used to be, but I have all my faculties about me, thank God. I have a son who takes care of me, and doesn't consider me a trouble, as some sons might have done. He does not forget how many years I took care of him. A good son—a very good son."

"A good son is one of the greatest blessings upon earth," said Katie, demurely. I had not found courage to reply, my confusion was still so great.

"Well spoken, young lady," he said, bowing again. "That is a grand sentiment, and I know well the truth of it. But let me see now"—and here the trembling hand left the door to tap gently at his forehead—"what did I hear you say when I came in?"

"I really do not remember," said Katie, with alacrity.

"But I shall in a minute. Pray do not disturb me. Ah! I have it now. You wondered if rich people's money were as honestly come by as your own. Had you any motive for saying such a thing in this house?"

The smile left his face, and was replaced by an eager inquiring look which chilled one's blood to witness. The hands shook more as they hung down at his side, and as he advanced toward us slowly, his head bent horribly sideways, we both shrank away, and went with backward steps to the door by which we had been admitted.

"No motive whatever," Katie said. "Pray, do not excite yourself, Sir."

"I'm not excited—I'm never excited," he said, stopping suddenly; "but it was so extraordinary a remark to make in an honest house, in the house of one so universally respected as my son is—as I have been before him."

"It was a foolish and inadvertent remark," said Katie. "Pray, think no more of it."

"Oh, I take no offense. I never made an enemy in my life. Let us shake hands, young lady."

He held his trembling hand toward her, and Katie took it. He looked intently at her for an instant, and then broke into his old smile with as much suddenness as though he had been a mechanical figure well wound up, and had come round to smiling-point again.

"I don't know you," he said, still retaining her hand. "May I ask your business here?"

"I have simply accompanied my sister, who was invited to attend this morning."

He looked at me for an instant, then turned to Katie again.

"I will go and tell them. They must have forgotten you," he said. "What name shall I say?"

"Kirby."

The smile left his face once more, and there was fear, rather than humor, in the gray eyes glinting beneath the white overhanging brows. He opened his mouth, and glared at Katie as at a phantom which had risen up to scare him.

"Kirby—Kirby of where?" he gasped forth.

"Of Dorset Street, Blackfriars," Kate said, eagerly.

"You're not related to the Kirby I mean, then. I think that poor unhappy fellow's name was Kirby," he said, thoughtfully. "Yes, I'm sure it was. I'll go and tell them that you've come, my dear. They should not have kept you waiting all this time. It's very wrong."

He had come round to smiling-point again, and was making for the door by which he had entered, when a little girl, very pale and fair, came into the room.

"I am so very sorry to have kept you;" then she stopped, and exclaimed, in surprise, "Grandpapa, why have you come in here?"

"I did not know that there was company, my dear," he said.

"You must go down stairs and talk to papa. He is quite alone."

"Poor fellow, is he?" said he. "I'll go and cheer him up a bit."

He bowed to both of us, like a gentleman of the old school, and went out, smiling to the last. The little girl followed him quickly, and Katie said,

"I see it all now, Faith; this is a private madhouse; and you are to take care of the old man."

"Oh, you will not be silent," I said.

"But—"

Katie was successful this time in checking the volubility of her tongue, as the young lady returned to the room as quickly as she had quitted it. There was a great amount of self-possession and lady-like demeanor as she advanced toward Katie—not to me.

"I have to apologize for detaining you," she said, "but papa wished that I should see you first, and judge for myself whether I thought you a governess that would suit me. You must not mind if I ask you a great many questions, Miss Kirby."

"There is the lady to whom your questions should be addressed. I have only accompanied my sister," exclaimed Katie.

"Oh! I beg your pardon."

The child turned, looked hard at me, and then ran forward with a little joyful cry and shook both my hands in hers.

"Why, it's the good lady who took my part in Bushey Park last Wednesday!" she cried. "Oh! I am so glad to see you again! I am sure I shall like you."

"Are you?" I answered.

"Papa said he thought it possible that we should meet again. Why," she exclaimed, "he must have known this all along."

"Yes," I replied, "I think that he must have known it, Miss Westmair."

CHAPTER VI.

ABEL WESTMAIR.

IT took time to recover from my surprise, to realize the position in which I was placed, to make up my mind as to the fitting course to adopt. My family wrongs I could not dwell upon with this child, or tell her that her father's want of mercy had brought a great deal of misery upon those who had been looking forward to a happier life. I could not understand why I had been sent for. Abel Westmair, of Watling Street, must have guessed at the whole history of his correspondent from the letter that I had sent him, and yet he had expressed a wish to see me. The child's pleasure at recognizing me was satisfactory, and I thought already that she was one whom I could love; but the position was bewildering, and the idea of service in this establishment filled my heart with a hot glow. I glanced toward Katie, but she was unmoved by the discovery, or else she had not guessed at the truth, as I had done. Perhaps she had not heard the name which I had mentioned.

"Your father will not be long, I suppose?"

"Not very long," was the reply. "Are you in a hurry to see him?"

"No. But it is he to whom I have to give my answer, and who has to decide."

"I am not quite sure of that," said Miss Westmair, with a musical little laugh. "If I were to like you very much—to tell him that I am sure that you would make me a good governess and be a good friend, I know what he would say."

"Do you?"

"He would say, 'Try her, Ettie; she will be your companion, not mine.' Why, he has said that twenty times already."

"Have you had twenty governesses, then?"

"Almost," she said. "And, oh, such dreadful people—young women, very snappish; and old women more snappish still. The most disagreeable people in the whole world have come to me."

"Perhaps you are hard to please," I ventured to suggest.

"It's not that so much, as that I am hard to teach. I hate lessons," she added, in a lower voice; "it's very wrong, but I can't help it. Lessons will never be any good to me."

"How is that?"

"I'm not going to live very long, you must know," she said, in a lower tone still.

Katie made a grimace at the ceiling, as if to assert silently to me that the young lady was lunatic No. 2; but I felt that there might be a sad truth in the assertion.

"Papa thinks I don't know it, or that I have forgotten what the doctor whispered to him one day; and he does not believe it himself, I'm quite sure; but that's the truth."

"You may be very much mistaken," I said. "You should not brood on this."

"I don't brood; but I don't want to learn French, Italian, and German—as if the angels were never going to speak English!"

There was a strange cynical humor in the child that bordered almost on irreverence; and yet it was an innocent face into which I was gazing.

"But what does your mamma say?" I asked.

The face changed sadly, and I was sorry that the question had escaped me. The child was not in mourning, and that the mother had already gone before her had not suggested itself until that moment.

"My mamma died four years ago, Miss Kirby. I was quite a child then," she added, *naïvely*; "but, oh, I remember so well!"

She pressed her fingers to her eyes to keep the tears back, and succeeded. She was a child of considerable self-command, and I felt drawn to her still more. If she had not been a Westmair, how I should have loved the task of trying to make her love me! The children of the English settlers in Pietermaritzburg had not been difficult material to work upon, and I had won, in my quiet way, many little hearts. I did not think that Ettie Westmair's would be beyond my power to touch.

"It's very strange," the child continued, "that you should be the lady who took my part against those vulgar people in the park last Wednesday—for, do you know, that I liked you then very much indeed."

"I am glad to hear that," I replied.

"And I should like to have you for a governess, too," she added; "because you are kind, and I fancy that you would soon learn to understand me. There are very few who do that, or who try to do that."

"I have not made up my mind to accept this situation," I remarked, "even should I please your father, which I doubt very much, Miss Westmair."

"Why, what have you come for?"

"To see if I could fulfill the duties that might be required of me, if I should care for those duties, the house, or the people in it," I replied.

"You are sure to like me," was the dry assertion, "for I should try very hard to like you. Why, yours is the face for which I have been waiting, and you are as a friend already. Do tell papa that you will suit me exactly. Do take care of me!"

"I can not promise."

"You will like papa, too, though you will not see him very often; for he locks himself up among his ugly books for hours and hours every day. He is so good and kind a man to every body!"

"Indeed," I said.

"And you will like grandpapa—we all like grandpapa, though he is a little strange. He—"

The confidence of Miss Westmair was interrupted by the entrance of her father, who came in with a stiff-backed bow that I recognized; crossed the room to the centre of the hearth-rug, where he took up his position, with his back to the steel stove; clasped his hands behind him, and looked from me to Katie and from Katie to me with a grave intentness. Yes, it was a hard face, rendered more repellent by the swarthy skin and a thick pair of black eyebrows, while the total absence of all mustache, whiskers, and beard in these hairy days showed the plainly decisive mouth and chin that might have been cast in iron, so inflexible did they appear to me. He looked like a man who would have locked up his own father with as much complacency as he had locked up mine, if he had only found the old gentleman's hand in his till.

"Good-morning," he said, in that cold tone of voice which I seemed to remember as a part of the awful day of my return to London. "I am sorry to have kept you waiting. Your sister, Miss Kirby?"

"My sister."

"You found her, after all, then," he remarked. "Pray, be seated."

We had both risen upon the great man's entrance; at his request we both subsided into our seats again.

"Well, Ettie?" he said, interrogatively, to his daughter.

"Yes," was the reply; and I knew that question and answer referred to my humble self and the daughter's favorable opinion of me.

"Will you go and see where your grandpapa is?" he said.

"But—"

"I would prefer your leaving us, Ettie," he said, in the same quiet tones.

"But I shall see Miss Kirby again?"

"Not to-day, I think."

"Good-day, Miss Kirby, then," she said, advancing. "I hope soon to see you very often."

She raised her face to kiss me, but I did not know how the stern man watching us would care for so much friendliness exhibited, so I held both my hands toward her instead.

"Good-by," I said.

"No, not good-by, for that means going away for a long time."

"I am afraid that—" I began, when Mr. Westmair's deep voice broke in upon us again.

"Ettie, will you rejoin your grandpapa, please?"

Ettie shook hands, looked wistfully toward me, bowed to Katie, and withdrew. The father waited till the door was closed before he spoke again, looking down meanwhile at his boots, as if their shape had suddenly struck him as peculiar.

"This has been a disagreeable surprise for you, Miss Kirby," he said at last.

"It has been a surprise, certainly."

"I said a disagreeable surprise."

"Yes, a disagreeable surprise," I answered, thus forced to answer him.

"You would have naturally preferred meeting strangers," he said, "and probably I have not acted wisely in asking you to come. Still," he added, after a moment's consideration, as if the confession were extracted reluctantly from him, "I liked your letter. It was frank—and honest."

I did not reply, and after waiting for a few moments in anticipation of my answer, he went on:

"Had I been a stranger you would have confessed to the peculiar position in which circumstances had placed you? I see that, I think."

"Yes," I replied.

"Not being a stranger—being a Westmair, and one whom you think has not acted mercifully in an extreme case—you have already made up your mind to decline any offer that I might feel disposed to make you?"

"Yes," I said again.

"Then there is no occasion to discuss the question of your suitability for the post of governess and companion to my daughter?"

"No, Sir; I think not."

"It would be a painful position at first—I see that; and there is much to say against it on both sides; but do you think that your father would object, for one?"

"I am sure that he would."

"He is not a high-spirited man; and it is he who has wronged me, pray remember," he said. "When we last met, Miss Kirby, you were of a different opinion. I hope that your inquiry into the case has weakened the force of your impressions."

"He wronged you, Sir, yes. But you were very hard upon him."

"I did not know upon whom I was going to be hard when I first discovered that I was being robbed," said Mr. Westmair. "The defalcant proved to be your father—an old servant, it is true, but one who was cruelly dishonest. I have nothing to regret; I could act exactly the same again."

He looked harder than ever, after this lengthy explanation which he had condescended to make; my own view of the case was as distasteful to him as it had been on the day of my visit to Watling Street. He turned to my sister suddenly.

"What is your opinion, Miss Kirby?" he said. "I am curious about this little matter, and your sister is not just to me."

"It is not a little matter to us," replied Katie, looking down.

"Forgive me; no, it is not," he said, very quickly, like a man who was sorry at once for a speech hastily delivered. There was something graceful in his quick apology, and he was hardly the ogre of six months ago. He was better in his house than in his office. Many people are.

"I think with my sister that there is no excuse for my poor father's conduct, Mr. Westmair; but I don't know that you could have acted differently toward him. My father was an unfaithful servant."

"True," said Mr. Westmair.

There was a long silence which it seemed impossible to break. I was not satisfied with Katie's answer. I was not content with my position. I was anxious to be gone, now I had told him that my pride could not stoop so low as to accept service from his hands. But I could not rise and end the interview; something seemed to restrain me and keep me down. The tall man upon the hearth-rug might have had the serpent's fascination upon me, for all that I knew—I sat there so helpless beneath his gaze.

"For your father's position I have no particular regret," he said, addressing Katie now, as the more sensible young woman of the two; "there is no excuse for his conduct; but for yourselves I am sorry."

He had not shown it on the day I went to Watling Street; but I did not say so.

"And," he continued, "if I could be of assistance, I should be glad. Should *I* hear of any